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OCTOBER 13, 1888

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THE BURSTING OF THE MENA RESERVOIR, VALPARAISO
A MUD STREAM IN THE CALLE SAN JUAN DE DIOS
From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness



Phoebe Meryll (Miss Jessie Bond) Sergeant Meryll (Mr. Richard Temple)

COLONEL FAIRFAX (MR. COURTICE POUNDS) MAKES HIS DYING REQUEST TO THE LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER (MR. WALLACE BROWNLOW)
SCENES FROM "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," THE NEW OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Topics of the Week

POPE AND EMPEROR.—The visit of the Emperor William to the Vatican will probably cause the Pope to reflect a good deal on the old days when the Ruler of Germany was frequently seen in Rome. Then the Imperial Crown was regarded as the gift of the Head of the Church, and many a time the Pope not only claimed, but succeeded in making good his claim, to be regarded as superior to the greatest of merely temporal Sovereigns. Now the relative position of the two Potentates is very different, but it would be a profound mistake to suppose that the present German Emperor can afford, any more than the mediæval Emperors could afford, to think slightly of the influence of the Papacy. More than one-third of the German people are good Roman Catholics, and while the Kulturkampf was in full swing they very effectually showed that they could be formidable opponents even of so mighty a statesman as Prince Bismarck. We may be sure, then, that Pope Leo will have no reason to complain of any want of geniality on the part of his illustrious visitor. The Emperor will be only too glad to take advantage of the opportunity to impress favourably one who could do so much, if he pleased, to promote or to disturb the peaceful relations now existing between Church and State in the Fatherland. There are, however, very definite limits beyond which it will be impossible for the Emperor to pass. That he will utter a word likely to encourage the hopes of those Roman Catholics who still expect to see the temporal power of the Papacy restored, no one who knows anything of the aims or methods of German policy can suppose. He will be as little inclined to say anything that might tend to hamper the Chancellor in any negotiations that may hereafter have to be carried on between the Government and the Centre party with regard to the domestic politics of Prussia and Germany. The visit is essentially one of courtesy, and the Pope is too sensible a man to be of opinion that it will lead to results of vital importance either to himself or to his Church.

MURDER-PANIC.—Unless, as is only too possible, another horror should be perpetrated with impunity, the existing panic will gradually subside, and people's thoughts will run in other directions. There has probably been nothing like the present condition of nervous apprehension in London since Bishop and Williams murdered the Italian boy for the sake of obtaining an anatomical "subject," or since the Ratcliff Highway butcheries of 1811. These last were calculated to inspire more general terror than the recent Whitechapel slaughters, because they were the deeds of a person or persons who murdered for the sake of plunder, and from whom, therefore, no householder felt secure. It is said that the familiar street-door chain first came into vogue after the murders of the Marr and Williamson families. To the general public it is some comfort to reflect that the late atrocities were aimed at a particular class, and that their object was certainly not robbery. Educated persons, who have many varied interests and subjects of conversation, can, perhaps, scarcely realise the impression made by these occurrences on poor and ignorant people, whose lives are usually monotonous and uneventful. Hence the terror which has been aroused, and which shows itself in various ways. A man frightens the sturdy market-porters of Covent Garden into the belief that he is "Jack the Ripper," because he looks queer and walks aimlessly. A detective disguises himself as a woman, and conceals himself to watch for the Whitechapel murderer, when he is seriously assaulted by some cab-washers. It is as during the Reign of Terror in France,—“I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect!” It is to be hoped, should another murder be committed, and Mr. Brough's bloodhounds are let loose, that they will not be misled by a cross-scent, and “smell-out” an innocent man; for he may run some risk of lynching. As for “Jack the Ripper,” we venture to believe him to be a rank fraud. He is probably laughing in his sleeve at the thought that his letter—conceived in the true ‘Arry vein—has gained him a wider notoriety than if he had written the best novel of the season.

THE LOW NILE.—Egypt is threatened with a worse calamity than any the Mahdi could inflict on her—unless, indeed, Sir Samuel Baker hits the mark in attributing the drying-up of the Nile to Soudanese malice. His theory is that the Atbara, which drains the Abyssinian watershed into the Nile, has been dammed, with the result of turning its enriching stream into the deserts lying between the Nile Valley and the Red Sea. Sir Samuel shows that this could be done with the greatest ease during the dry season, when the Atbara is absolutely waterless. It would be merely a question of labour, and, as the Mahdi has an abundance of that commodity at his disposal, the feasibility of the undertaking seems established. But such a long and trying labour for ultimate gain would be excessively repugnant to Soudanese ideas. The gentlemen of the desert do not care for “wearing out” tactics; their *forte* lies in striking swift, strong blows, and “getting away without a return,” as professors of the noble art would put it. Nor would the idea of damming the Atbara be likely to occur to Abdulla Khalifa. That

drastic proceeding would, we should imagine, appear to him as flying in the face of Providence. True, the great Mahomedan conquerors in Asia used to practise this manœuvre on occasion; but they did many other things which would appear monstrously heterodox to a full-fledged Mahdi. Still, it is within the bounds of possibility that Sir Samuel Baker's conjecture is correct. In that case there will be nothing for it but for Egypt either to re-conquer the Soudan or submit to starvation. The highly-fertilising waters of the Atbara are absolutely essential, not merely to her prosperity, but to her very existence. Deprived of them, she would wither and die. Truly a “burning question” for all in Nileland, only to be compared with what we should feel in England if we suspected that some hostile Power had discovered a way of rendering our coal and iron useless for manufacturing purposes. In any case, the exceptional lowness of this year's Nile is bound to produce severe distress: the deflection of the Atbara would be almost as great a calamity as if the Gulf Stream were turned away from our shores.

CITY COMPANIES AND TECHNICAL INSTITUTES.—Some months ago a movement was started for the provision of great technical and recreative Institutes in South London. It was proposed that one such Institute should be established at New Cross, another near the Elephant and Castle, and a third in Battersea. Thanks to the Goldsmiths' Company, all difficulty about the New Cross Institute is at an end. It has been arranged, subject to the sanction of Parliament, that the Charity Commissioners shall acquire the buildings, with seven acres of land, at present occupied by the Royal Naval School at New Cross, and that they shall set apart for the new Institute an endowment of 2,500*l.* per annum. This provision will be met by the Goldsmiths' Company by the appropriation out of their corporate funds (not trust funds, but funds over which they have absolute control) of an annual endowment of a similar amount. In making this splendid gift, the Goldsmiths' Company have acted wisely in their own interest as well as in that of the public. The City Companies, notwithstanding the outcry often raised against them, are not really unpopular. Most people are rather proud of them as ancient and picturesque institutions; and all that is needed to secure for them long life and continued prosperity is that a considerable share of their wealth shall be devoted to the common good. The Goldsmiths' Company have now joined the Drapers', the Clothworkers', and some others in setting a good example; and we may hope that those Companies which have not yet adopted a like policy will lose no time in following suit. Some of them might with advantage do for other parts of South London what is now to be done for New Cross. Technical and recreative Institutes will not solve all our industrial problems; but the success of the People's Palace proves that they may confer immense benefits upon large and important classes of the community.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.—Sir William Harcourt is a very clever man, and he made a dexterous reply to the charge recently brought against him of having completely changed his views on the temperance question. Sixteen years ago he was all for *laissez faire* and moral suasion; he heartily endorsed the Bishop of Peterborough's famous declaration that “he would rather see England free than England sober.” In 1888 Sir William presides at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance; he approves of local option, though apparently not in such a thorough-going form as is desired by the more uncompromising teetotalers; and he scoffs at the notion of publican-compensation. He disposes of the allegation of inconsistency by saying boldly that, if he had not grown mentally during the last sixteen years, instead of being fit to be chairman of that meeting he ought to be exhibited as a dwarf. The interesting question is how much taller Sir William will grow in the direction of temperance. Will he by degrees attain the stature of Sir Wilfrid Lawson? Because, if he does, and, as a man of influence, carries a majority of his countrymen with him, the hindrances imposed on the drink traffic will be even heavier than those which are enacted in the American State of Maine. For if Sir Wilfrid Lawson and those who think with him could carry out their will, both the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors would be utterly prohibited. It is well to bear in mind that this is the goal which is aimed at by the root-and-branch temperance reformers. As such a goal is practically unattainable, it is much to be regretted that they should expend their energies in this direction. If, instead of harrying the publicans and the moderate consumers of intoxicating beverages, they would devote themselves to drafting a much severer law against habitual drunkards than at present exists, they would enlist the sympathies of a far larger section of the community than is now the case. The term drunkard would of course need careful definition, but we should incline to apply it to all persons who by indulgence in stimulants injure their own health, or the well-being of their friends and of the community generally. Such persons, on proper evidence being adduced, not necessarily the evidence of their friends and relatives, should be liable to detention in properly-constituted houses of correction. We wish Sir William Harcourt would study this view. It would certainly diminish intemperance,

which is the main cause of the national poverty and wretchedness; and it would accomplish its end without worrying the multitudes of people who can drink without drinking to excess.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD'S APPEAL.—Amid the host of crude philanthropic projects to which the East End horrors have given rise, it is most refreshing to come upon even one “common-sense” proposal. No less satisfactory is it to see how quickly the public judgment singled out Dr. Billing's admirable scheme from all the others. It may be that the Bishop of Bedford is too hopeful; it may be that the unfortunate creatures whom he wishes to drag from the depths would break out again after a period of rest and honest work. Such a life would now appear to many of them almost Paradisaical, but used as they have been to constant change and vicious excitements, there would be danger of the new existence becoming, after a time, intolerably monotonous. All the same, the experiment is worth trying; should it succeed, society will at last have discovered a practical way of dealing with those whose utter degradation has so far set all the efforts of philanthropy at fault. Having been for ten years Rector of Spitalfields, Dr. Billing has thorough knowledge of the miseries whom he desires to reach and to raise. Their ways, their customs, manners, tastes, and requirements all need to be studied in a sympathetic spirit. And yet—that is the hardest thing of all—the would-be reformer must be ever on his guard against sham penitence, make-believe reformation, and imposture in every shape and form. No doubt, the Bishop will be duly cautious in selecting his coadjutors, and it goes without the saying that the new Home will be thoroughly practical in both its aims and means. The one doubt that presents itself is whether the comparative happiness of the lives of the inmates may not tempt poor souls, who have kept honest through the direst privations, to “go and do likewise,” in order to qualify themselves for admission. It does not take much to make happiness among the very poor; certainty of work, sufficient food, and a tolerably comfortable bed form the be-all and end-all of their aspirations. These would necessarily have to be provided at the Home, and it would, therefore, appear enormously attractive to the unfortunate creatures who live from hand to mouth, and from pillar to post, all the year round.

BECHUANALAND.—Mr. W. H. Smith, in his speech on Monday, announced that there was no truth in the rumour that the Government intended to hand over Bechuanaland to Cape Colony. This was good news, and we may hope that we have heard the last of the scheme for many a day to come. Upon the whole, Cape Colony is very well governed; but we cannot overlook the fact that it includes a large Dutch population which has little sympathy with English ideas as to the proper way of dealing with the natives. Many of the Boers would like nothing better than to have a chance of making raids on Bechuanaland, and the Government of Cape Colony could not be trusted to exercise sufficient vigour in any attempt to restrain their lawless impulses. The Imperial Government alone is for the present impartial enough, and powerful enough, to secure that the native tribes shall be protected from gross injustice. Apart from this vital consideration, it is absolutely necessary, in the interest of British trade, that the route from the South African Coast to the Zambesi shall be kept open. Moreover, we cannot afford to give up to violent Dutch settlers vast and fertile lands which may by and by be urgently needed for British colonists, who will be content to offer an equivalent for farms they may wish to cultivate. In the end there will probably be a great Federal State in South Africa, corresponding to the Dominion of Canada. When that ideal has been realised, it may be expedient for the Imperial Government to relax its hold on Bechuanaland; but, in the mean time, we have no alternative but to maintain strictly the responsibilities we have undertaken. The rumour contradicted by Mr. Smith will have done some good if his assurances set all doubts on the matter at rest, both at home and among our South African fellow-subjects.

THE ENGLISH ELEMENT IN OUR COLONIES.—Vast as is our colonial Empire, the English element—we use the word English in its most restricted sense—is less conspicuous than it ought to be, and, what is worse, is, in proportion to that of other nationalities, inclined to diminish. In the United States—which are, after all, only a seceded group of colonies—the English element, largely leavened, however, with Dutch, Scotch, and Scoto-Irish, was fairly predominant till the great exodus of Irish Celts began. These were followed by a mighty flood of Germans, and they in their turn are now being swamped by Hungarians and Italians. In 1888, the English language, with modifications, will probably still be the mother-speech of North America, but the people will be a very heterogeneous lot. In Eastern Canada the French are increasing, while the English-speakers are decreasing (chiefly through emigration further west); while in Western Canada persons of Scotch and Irish origin greatly outnumber the genuine English. In South Africa we are in a decided minority, as compared with persons of Dutch and Huguenot descent. There remains Australasia, the most English of all—owing to the gold-fever of 1852-55—but even there

Scotch, Welsh, and especially Roman Catholic Irish are far more numerous than they ought to be, according to their proportionate numbers at home. Our conclusion is that the English, especially those of the counties south of the Trent, are not nowadays an emigrating population. Nevertheless, thousands of the poorer classes would willingly go, provided they could get part of the passage-money free. We wish the Government would wake up to the importance of this subject. A million spent every year in promoting genuine English emigration would do far more to strengthen our Empire than a similar sum devoted to soldiers and ironclads.

COFFEE HOUSES.—Some years ago society suffered from what may be called a severe attack of coffee-house fever. Here at last was a patent specific for weaning the British working-man from his drinking habits; give him good coffee at a fair price and he would turn away from alcoholic beverages in disgust. The argument was sound enough as regards many of our toilers; they first get into the habit of frequenting public-houses, not through love of drink, but for the sake of company, merriment, light, and warmth. Small blame to them either; they do not get much of these pleasures in their own homes. But whether they pass the evening at one place or another they insist on being free. Therein lay the mistake made by some of the first promoters of the coffee-house movement. They enlarged their original programme by including in it all manner of little devices for religious teaching. Huge texts stared the customers out of countenance; on every hand something let them plainly understand that, although they had substituted coffee for beer, they were miserable sinners still, and desperately wicked. At another sort of establishment, started by "commercial enterprise," the customer would find that, although he was safe from goody-goody persecution, and had as much freedom as at the public-house, these boons were dearly bought at the cost of being half poisoned. Everything was sacrificed to "dividends;" in some instances, shareholders received as much as fifteen and even twenty per cent. per annum. So, in one way and another, the movement fell into considerable discredit, not through any inherent fault, but solely by reason of injudicious management. Here and there, however, the growth has struck deep roots, notably at Leicester, where there are now a dozen houses doing a brisk and ever-increasing business. They all belong to one company, and the Duchess of Rutland, in drawing attention to their success, shows in one brief sentence the lines on which it has been achieved. "These houses," she writes, "are simply public-houses, without alcoholic stimulants," while the Chairman states that by the Articles of Association the dividends are limited to six per cent. And a very handsome rate of interest it is, when coupled with the comforting knowledge that the investment enables numbers of workmen to dispense with the alcoholic refreshment-place.

MR. MORLEY ON THE WELSH QUESTION.—In his speech at Newtown on Monday Mr. John Morley displayed much caution in speaking of what is rather vaguely called the Welsh Question. He was particularly anxious to show that he is not logically bound, because he is in favour of the establishment of an Irish Parliament, to approve the proposal for the creation of a Parliament in Wales. This is true, if the Welsh people do not wish to have a Parliament of their own. But suppose the majority of Welshmen "went in" for Home Rule in the full sense of the expression, how could Mr. Morley consistently oppose their demand? He is willing to grant a Parliament to Ireland because Ireland is supposed to ask for it. He could not, therefore, fairly, acting on his own principles, refuse to make a like concession to Wales if Wales advanced a similar claim. Apart from this point, all that Mr. Morley had to say about Welsh affairs was stated with his usual vigour and clearness. Some years ago it was the fashion among English politicians to pooh-pooh the peculiarities of Wales, and to express hopes that the time might soon come when the Welsh would adopt the language, the manners, and the customs of England. Most people are now beginning to see that it is an advantage to a great country to include several more or less distinct nationalities; and Mr. Morley did good service by encouraging the Welsh people to seek to get their difficulties solved in ways that may be best adapted to their own ideas and needs. His advice about their County Councils was excellent; and if it is adopted the Welsh may reasonably hope to secure the best kind of Home Rule—the right to manage what is strictly their own business under the supreme control of the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Morley has never seriously tried to show that this kind of Home Rule would not be quite as suitable for Ireland as he evidently thinks it would be for Wales.

CHEAP AND GOOD BOOKS.—Publishers are in some respects enterprising enough, but it is only of late years that they have recognised the existence of a large number of persons who are eager to buy solid instructive works, if they can only get them at a low price. This has been accomplished to a certain extent, as the copyrights of various standard authors have run out; and most of the writings of Hallam, Carlyle, Macaulay, and others can now be obtained at very moderate rates. But, if publishers had more faith in the book-buying propensities of thousands of their less wealthy fellow-countrymen, they would

develop the system much further, so as to include numerous copyright books. Merely to take the department of History, there are numbers of persons among the unmoneyed millions who would like to possess the writings of such men as Freeman, Froude, and Lecky, but to whom the present cost is utterly prohibitive. To ensure a brisk sale, the prices ought to be really low, as low for example as the rates prevailing for the same books in the piratical United States. The cost of paper, printing, and binding is so small at the present time, that, with large sales, both publisher and author ought to reap handsome profits. If trashy and ephemeral literature can be sold cheaply at a profit, there seems no reason why there should not be an equally favourable market for literature of more permanent value. Moreover, according to a sanguine contemporary, with whom we are disposed to agree, the sale of these cheap editions would not lessen, but would rather increase the demand for the costly *éditions de luxe*.

TRADE WITH SIBERIA.—The failure of the *Labrador* to reach the Yenisei does not necessarily prove that Captain Wiggins' idea of opening up maritime trade with Siberia must be abandoned. According to the explanatory letter which has been published by the Phoenix Adventurers' Company, the *Labrador* did all that she was required to do. It was the grounding of another vessel, the *Phoenix*, which first marred the project, and, after that misfortune, the chapter of accidents proved persistently unkind. The narrative cannot be read, nevertheless, without creating doubts as to whether commerce will ever flow freely along a route so exposed to interruption. It is one thing for an enterprising and daring mariner to set Nature at defiance, and convey European goods to spots generally considered inaccessible; quite another to establish regular trade on a paying basis. The late Mr. Dagleish conveyed merchandise from India to Kashgar, but the business did not pay, and, when he died, the trade did so too. In a word, Captain Wiggins has demonstrated the possibility of transporting goods from Europe by sea to the Yenisei, and thence up the river for a considerable distance, but it still remains to be shown that this commerce would yield a profit commensurate to the risk. Nor should it be forgotten that, before many years elapse, Siberia will be traversed throughout by a railway. Under ordinary circumstances water carriage is cheaper than land, but we doubt whether this rule would hold good in competition between the Wiggins route and the Siberian railway. However, no great harm can result from repeating the experiment next year, as is the intention of the Phoenix Adventurers. Their latest effort has settled one question of great importance: there can no longer be any controversy about the navigability of the Kara Sea even in the most unpropitious seasons. For the rest, all will wish these bold pioneers of British trade a successful outcome from their arduous and self-sacrificing labours. They may not make big fortunes, but it is not necessary to die a millionaire in order to deserve well of one's country.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE DEVELOPMENT OF RAILWAYS IN ENGLAND."



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, the ITALIAN and IRISH EXHIBITIONS, the SAVOY GALLERY, and GLADWELL'S GALLERY, see page 392.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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THE DISASTER AT VALPARAISO

ON the morning of August 11th a terrible disaster occurred through the bursting of a large reservoir in the hills some 900 feet above Valparaiso, and containing some 64,000 tons of water. The reservoir was merely a ravine closed by an earthen dam, which appears to have been unable to resist the pressure of a sudden agitation of the water, caused by a landslide. The waters poured down into a hollow, and for a time were checked by an embankment; but this eventually gave way, and then a huge liquid torrent of mud poured down a narrow gully for a mile and a half, carrying away everything before it, and inundating a large area of the city. The catastrophe was so sudden that the people in the streets were unable to escape, and were drowned, or rather suffocated, by the turbid mass, while large boulders, some fifteen tons in weight, were brought down from the heights. Dr. Richard Cannon, an eye-witness of the disaster, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, writes:—"I saw the scene from a window. A huge seething river of mud, fifteen feet deep, was rushing in great waves down the street, bearing struggling human beings; dead bodies, wreckage of houses, roofs, chairs, tables, upturned trees, and every imaginable household object were borne on the turbid stream. Scores of people ran up the staircase, completely covered with mud, and were too frightened to give any explanation. Many persons had marvellous escapes, and several thousands were left destitute, homeless, and almost naked. The alarm in the city was indescribable. People fled in all directions, for, as the existence of the reservoir was known to very few, it was generally believed that the sea was rushing from its bed, and that the town would be engulfed, while others thought that a volcano had burst forth, or that some great subterranean deposit of rain water had suddenly carried away the mountain side." Two hundred persons are thought to have lost their lives, and the destruction of property is immense. Large subscriptions, however, were at once raised for the sufferers, and everything possible was being done to alleviate their misery.

SCENE FROM "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

THOSE who were not in the secret previously were somewhat surprised on the opening night at the Savoy Theatre to find that Mr. Gilbert had to a great extent abandoned his usual vein of burlesque, and had provided a libretto of serious interest. The music to which Sir Arthur Sullivan has wedded Mr. Gilbert's ditties contains fewer ear-catching melodies than several of his earlier pieces, but is of higher quality, and will be better appreciated after a second or third hearing. The scene selected by our artist for illustration is that in which Colonel Fairfax (Mr. Courtice Pounds), within an hour of the time appointed for his execution, beseeches the Lieutenant of the Tower (Mr. Wallace Brownlow) to find him a wife, in order that he may prevent a wicked kinsman, who has been the cause of his condemnation, from succeeding to his estate. Sergeant Meryll (Mr. R. Temple), and his daughter Phoebe (Miss Jessie Bond), who are both present at the commencement of the interview, are very sympathetic on behalf of the gallant captive. The small block represents the subsequent scene between Phoebe and Wilfred Shadbolt, the head jailer (Mr. W. H. Denny) when she professes to have succumbed to his charms, and steals his keys.



LIEUT. WISSMANN
Leader of the German Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha



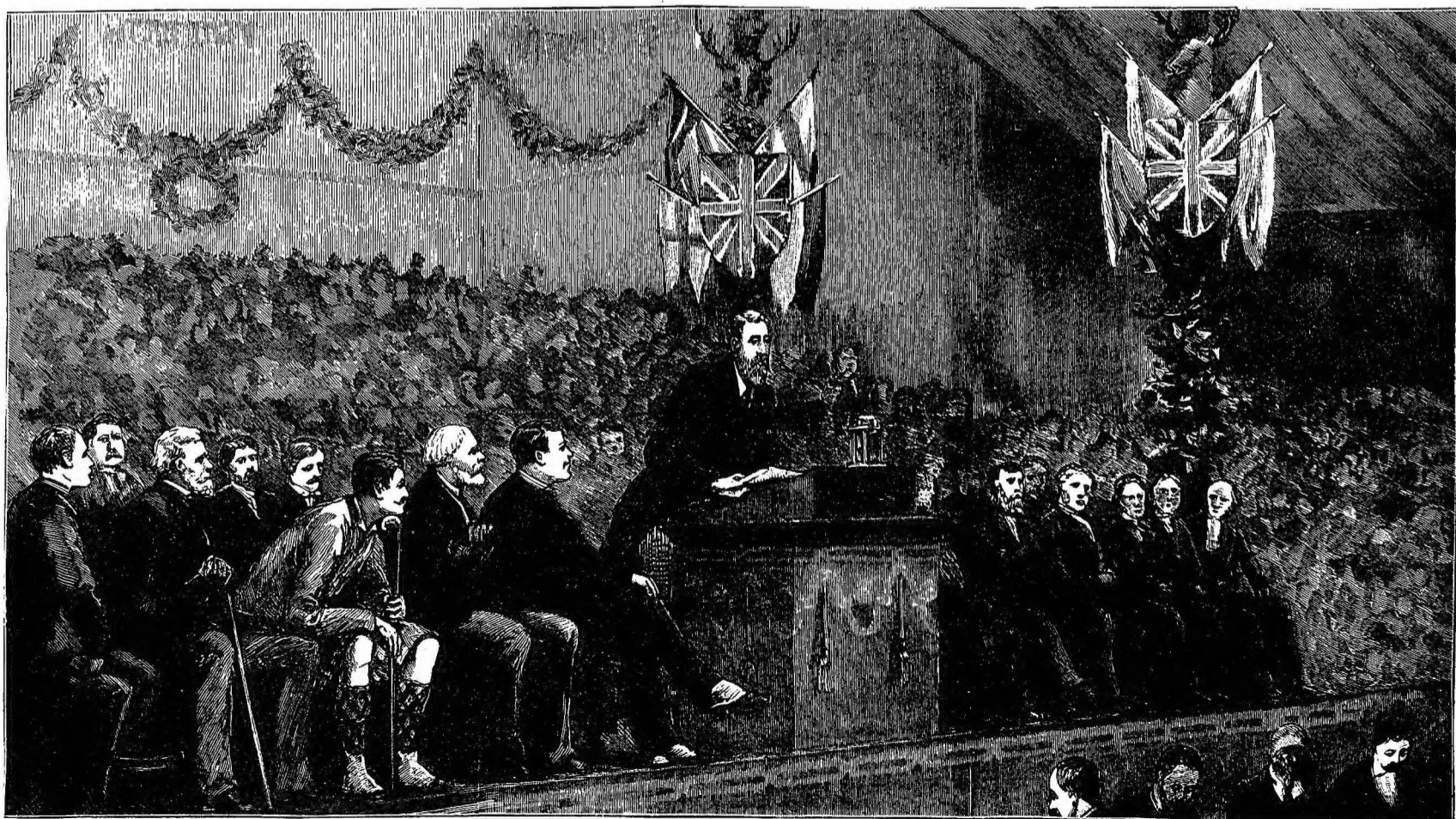
MR. R. A. PROCTOR
Born March 23, 1834. Died September 12, 1938



LORD HARTINGTON SIGNING THE BURGESS ROLL ON RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF INVERNESS



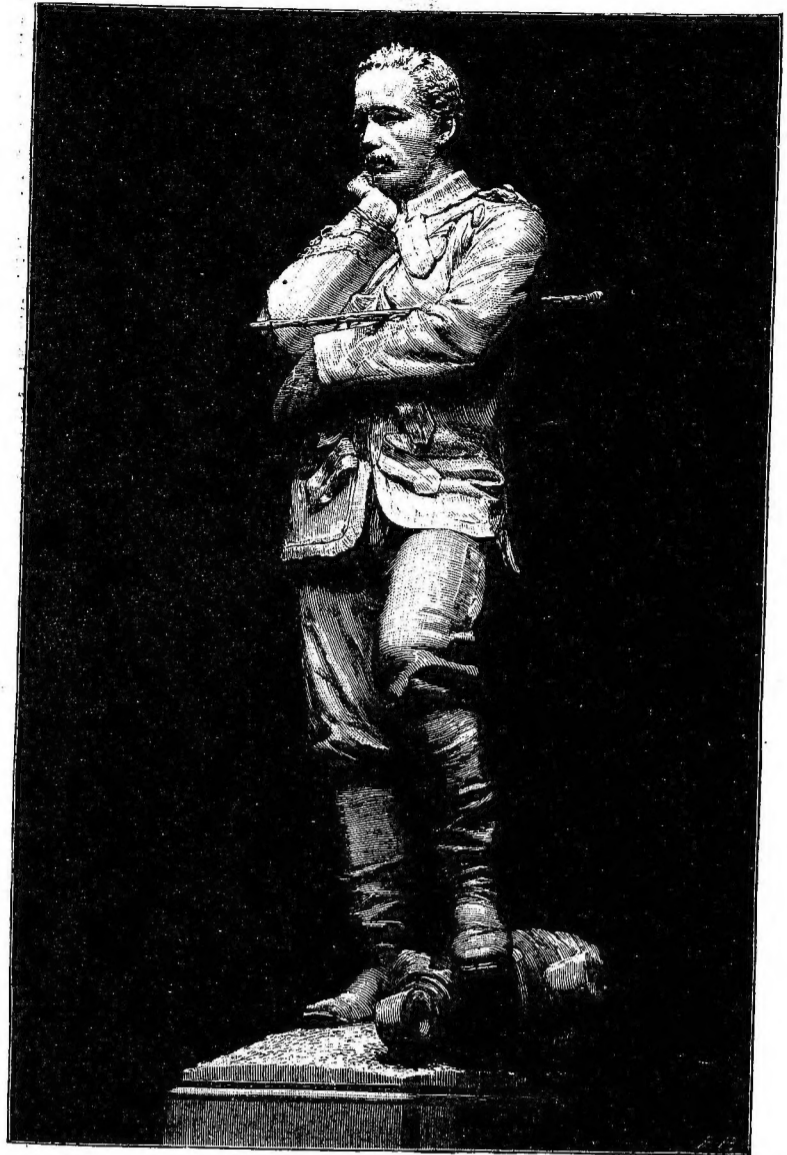
SNOW IN HARVEST-TIME AT KESWICK, OCTOBER 1, 1888
From a Photograph



LORD HARTINGTON ADDRESSING A LIBERAL UNIONIST MEETING AT INVERNESS



THE NEW STATUE OF THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



THE NEW STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL GORDON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE



BEAUTY SHOW AT SPA, BELGIUM
THE PROCESSION OF COMPETITORS

LIEUTENANT H. WISSMANN

THIS distinguished African traveller and explorer, who has been appointed to the command of the German Expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, is an officer in the German Army, and was this year awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society for the explorations which he has already achieved in Africa, which have extended over seven years, and in particular for the arduous and adventurous journey in which he traced the course of the river Kassai from its upper waters to its previously unknown confluence with the Congo. These explorations have done much to open out the southern portion of the great tract included in the Congo Free State. At the meeting of the British Association at Bath Sir Charles W. Wilson, President of the Geographical Section, in delivering his opening address, pronounced a high eulogium on Lieut. Wissmann, remarking that "he possesses all Livingstone's indomitable courage, his constancy of purpose, and his kindly feeling towards the natives, and has twice crossed Africa in its widest extent without firing a shot in anger. He returned recently to Europe filled, like the great English traveller, with indignation at the atrocities perpetrated by the Arabs on the blacks, and eager to find means, if such there be, of putting an end to, or at least mitigating, the unspeakable horrors of the slave trade. He is now organising an expedition which has the double object of opening up the territory in Eastern Africa that falls within the sphere of German influence, and of bearing relief to Emin Pasha. In both enterprises we may heartily wish him 'God speed.'" Lieut. Wissmann will have a force of some 500 armed men under him for the expedition, but the recent disaster to the German East African Company will probably delay his start. According to the latest advices Lieut. Wissmann states that on leaving Zanzibar he will proceed by way of the old caravan route, through Uganda and Unyoyo. He adds that the natives inhabiting that region are not warlike, that the route is well populated, and that a water famine need not be apprehended.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Adolf Halwas, 185, Friedrich Strasse, Berlin.

MR. R. A. PROCTOR

MR. RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR, the celebrated astronomer, had an observatory at Oak Lawn, Florida. He recently came by rail from that place to New York, intending to sail in a few days for Europe. He arrived feeling very fatigued and ill, which he attributed to the long railway journey, but his symptoms caused his medical advisers to suspect yellow fever. They advised his removal to the Willard-Parker Hospital, where he died of that terrible disorder (which has recently been epidemic in Florida, though not in the neighbourhood of Oak Lawn) on September 12th. Mr. Proctor was born in Chelsea, March 23rd, 1834. His father having become impoverished by a law-suit, young Proctor was glad in 1854 to get a clerkship in the London Joint-Stock Bank. Soon afterwards he was enabled to give up his clerkship, and resumed his education at King's College and Cambridge, where he came out Twenty-third Wrangler. In 1863 he took to the serious study of mathematics and astronomy, as a distraction from grief at the death of his first-born child. Three years later, owing to the failure of Overend's Bank, he was compelled to use his talents for the purpose of earning a living. In this he displayed singular industry and energy. Scarcely a year passed without one or more works from his prolific pen, besides which he was a constant contributor to newspapers and magazines. Astronomy was his forte, but he treated many other subjects, as for example, the philosophy of card-playing and betting. No man of this century has done so much to interest the ordinary reading public in scientific subjects. He was an eloquent, graphic, and lucid writer; and an attractive speaker. Nor was he a mere populariser, his star-atlases are known to all students of astronomy. In the course of his lecturing tours he travelled thousands of miles at home, in America, and in Australia. Mr. Proctor was twice married, the second time to an American lady, and has left families by both wives. He was intensely affectionate and domesticated, and warmly attached to his numerous friends.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

LORD HARTINGTON AT INVERNESS

ON the afternoon of October 3rd the Marquis of Hartington was presented with the freedom of the burgh of Inverness in recognition of his long and eminent services to the State. The ceremony took place in the Town Hall, which was crowded by a large and fashionable audience. Sir H. C. Macandrew, Provost, presided, and was supported by the magistrates and Town Councillors of Inverness, and deputations from the Town Councils of other adjacent communities. As soon as Lord Hartington entered the Hall, the Town Clerk read the resolution ordering the presentation. The Provost then made the presentation, concluding his speech by reading the burgess-ticket, which he afterwards presented to Lord Hartington. The Town Clerk then administered the burgess oath. On the evening of the same day Lord Hartington addressed a great gathering of the Liberals and Liberal Unionists of the North, in the Free Trade Hall, Inverness. The hall, which holds over 3,500 persons, was crowded to excess. Mr. Gavin Tait presided, and there were present over 110 representatives from Liberal Unionist Associations throughout Scotland. Lord Hartington delivered a very effective speech, a summary of which appeared in our columns last week.

SNOW IN HARVEST

THE weather changed very suddenly on the last day of September from muggy warmth to wintry chilliness; but while in the South the skies discharged nothing more formidable than cold rain, in the North there was a regular snow-fall. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* gives a lively description of the scene at Keswick on the morning of Monday, October 1st. Derwent-water lay black as ink, and the sheep in the meadow close by stood coated with the white powder of a premature Christmas. During this unseasonable summer, there was snow falling on Skiddaw in June, but even the oldest inhabitant does not remember as early as the beginning of October heavy snow from crown to foot of Skiddaw, and right down among the stooks of corn in the valley below. The wheat-sheaves stood with their golden heads as if with fire, while the surrounding mountains were like newly-iced cakes. The downfall was, however, very partial, for across the Solway Frith the hills were scarcely whitened.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Morris Hudson, Castle Rigg Farm, Keswick.

THE SHAFTESBURY STATUE

ON October 1st the Baroness Burdett-Coutts unveiled the statue of the late Earl of Shaftesbury which has been placed in Westminster Abbey, near the western door. The statue is the work of Mr. Boehm, R.A., and was executed from a bust finished by the same artist from life a few years before his lordship's death. He is represented in the robes of the Garter, with his hands clasped in front. The statue is about eight feet six inches high, and is placed on a marble pedestal, which bears the inscription:—"Anthony Ashley Cooper, Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Born April 28th, 1801; died Oct. 1st, 1885. Endured to his countrymen by a long life in the cause of the helpless and suffering. 'Love—Serve.'" The last two words are the motto of the Shaftesbury family. It is also intended (if funds are available) to erect a bronze drinking fountain in Piccadilly Circus, and to establish a seaside or country home for poor and convalescent children.

STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON

THIS statue was voted by the House of Commons in the autumn of 1885, and the work of executing it was entrusted by Mr. Plunkett, the First Commissioner of Works, to Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. There was no competition. The site ultimately chosen for the memorial is mid-way between the fountains. The total height of the monument is twenty-nine feet. The statue, which is in bronze, is ten feet six inches high. On the sides of the shaft of the pedestal are two bronze panels—allegories—"Charity and Justice," and "Fortitude and Faith." Gordon is represented as a Staff-officer, wearing a patrol-jacket. His head is slightly inclined forward, resting on the chin on his right hand; his Bible he firmly grasps with his left. He carries no sword or weapon, only the famous short rattan-cane, often called during his China campaign his "Wand of Victory." Standing firmly on his right foot, his left is raised on a broken cannon. This action is intended to symbolise his moral attitude as a soldier. Although he hated war and bloodshed, he seemed bound by fate to be ever fighting.

The statue was cast by Mr. Moore, of Thames Ditton; and the pedestal was wrought by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley.

THE BEAUTY SHOW AT SPA

THE Beauty Show at Spa hardly attracted so many competitors as its promoters had hoped. At first it was announced that nearly four hundred ladies would enter the lists, but only nineteen presented themselves for judgment. The Show lasted a fortnight, and was held at the Casino, where, for an entrance fee of five francs, the various claimants could be inspected and criticised. On the eventual day when the jury, who numbered twenty-two of the sterner sex, under the presidency of Baron de Mesnil, were to announce their decision there was much excitement, both on the part of the public, and naturally enough on that of the ladies concerned. The ladies, who were all dressed in ball-room costume, entered the hall in a species of procession. There were eight prizes. The first (200*l.*), was awarded to Mlle. Marthe Soucaret, a French Creole from Guadeloupe, who is eighteen years of age; Miss Delrosa Angele, of Ostend, aged sixteen, receives the second prize (80*l.*); and Miss F. Marie Stevens, twenty-three years of age, of Vienna, the third prize (40*l.*). The other six, who received 10*l.* a-piece, were successively Miss Betty Stuckart, twenty-seven years of age, from Vienna; Miss E. Lodz Nadia, aged eighteen, from Lyons; Miss Wilma Arany, nineteen years of age, from Buda Pesth; Miss Nadia Olga, twenty-one years of age, from Stockholm; and Miss Marthe Vilain, aged twenty, from Paris. The announcement caused great wrath amongst many of the disappointed damsels, some of whom vented their ire in a not wholly becoming manner.

A "P. AND O." STEAMER LEAVING FOR THE ANTIPODES

THE P. and O. Company owes its origin to the rediscovery of the Overland Route to the East by Lieutenant Waghorn. But many changes and improvements have been gradually made during the last thirty or thirty-five years. In those primitive days the Isthmus of Suez was still unopened, and consequently the Company had two distinct fleets of steamers, one for the Mediterranean side, entirely manned by Europeans; the other for the Asiatic side, which plied almost entirely within the tropics, and was manned largely by Lascars, with Sidi boys for stokers. The vessels of that era were paddle-wheelers, far smaller than those of the present day, and the fares seem prohibitive when compared with the modern tariff. The passengers were then mostly civil or military servants of the H.E.I.C.S., with a sprinkling of merchants and indigo-planters. The only really overland part of the journey was across the Egyptian Desert, which was performed in small omnibuses, while the baggage was conveyed on camel back. A great revolution in P. and O. annals was effected a few years ago, when the starting place of the steamers was transferred from Southampton to Tilbury. It was bad for Southampton, but, we presume, advantageous to the Company, and the public generally. The P. and O. fleet now sails to all parts of the Eastern and Southern world, and engrosses a large share of the Australian carrying trade. It is a fine sight on a clear sunny day to see one of these monsters of the deep quitting the Tilbury Docks en route for the Antipodes.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN RANGE

THIS region is one of the most inaccessible and troublesome of our Indian frontier districts, and, as we record in another column, an important punitive expedition under Colonel Graham is now engaged in teaching its unruly freebooting inhabitants a lesson that British territory and British lives must be respected. The Black Mountain lies in the south-west corner of our Kazzara frontier, almost enclosed by the Indus on the west, and two of its tributaries on the east. Darband, which may be termed its gateway, and which is just within the British frontier, lies about fifty miles further up the Indus than Attock. The range is only about thirty miles long, with an average breadth of ten miles, and an average height of 8,000 feet above the sea. The ridge is in general more rounded than sharp, sends up high peaks at intervals, is crossed here and there by deep passes, and shoots out great spurs east and west, which are often precipitous and rocky, with deep narrow gorges or gorges lying between them, in which are situated the villages of the tribes. The whole district is of an extremely rugged character, which makes all military operations exceedingly difficult and hazardous, while in the winter they are rendered impracticable by the snow, which completely stops all communication. Kotkai, where Friday's fighting took place, lies on the Indus between mountain spurs, about fifteen miles north from Darband. Oghi, whence the expedition started, and where we have for some time maintained an outpost, is about fifteen miles east of Kotkai, on the other side of the main crest, and lies itself in a mountain region with peaks rising to a height of 18,000 feet. It was an attack on this outpost which led to the present expedition. The population, as usual on our North-Western frontier, is rather mixed—the chief people with whom we are now waging war being the Hassanzais, a branch of the Yusufzais, a section of the bloodthirsty and treacherous Pathans. They are Mahomedans, and many who have settled on the British side of the range have become quiet and peaceable citizens. They know how to make swords and gunpowder, and are independent of British supplies. There are other frontier tribes who are aiding the Hassanzais, but unless a general rising take place the expedition is expected to complete its work in a comparatively short time.—Our engravings are from sketches taken by Sir Charles Johnson, K.C.B. (who has courteously forwarded them to us), and by the late Colonel W. Fane, during the former expedition of 1868. The left hand sketch was taken from the spur which our troops occupied on the first day of the present campaign, before the occupation of Chutterbut.

A CRUISE IN THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," III.

NAPLES UNDER A CLOUD

"THE word Naples," says our artist, Mr. Arthur M. Horwood, "conjures up visions of warmth, heat, bright sun, sky, sea—something ethereal, in short, in the way of climate and of glowing colour and effect. Imagine then the disappointment, nay, the disgust, of steaming into Naples Bay under a leaden sky discharging deluges of rain drifted aslant by a strong, biting, chill nor-easter—the summit of Vesuvius hidden in thick clouds and snow! Such was

the weather experienced as the steam yacht *Victoria* entered the Bay on February 19th last. The 'curio' vendors and marine artists, for which latter the place is notorious, boarded the yacht muffled to the eyes; heavy overcoats, macintoshes, and umbrellas appeared on deck in great variety. The wind moaned in the rigging, thunder was in the air, the rain pattered on the deck, and 'Santa Lucia' was heard sung at the gangway, rising above the plaints of the elements. "The vocalist, a daughter of Italy, treated the refrain to a large amount of vibrato, accompanied by a couple of violins and a guitar. Cook's tourists' agent was on board, labelled and braided; the words Pompeii, Vesuvius, Sorrento, Ischia, Capri, Rome were in everybody's mouth, for rain will not deter the British tourist from achieving his purpose. It was raining as badly on shore as in the bay, and apparently when it does rain in Naples it does so in real earnest. All the city had turned out in long cloaks and jack boots, and the impression left on the passengers of the *Victoria* was that the Sunny South 'was a fraud.'"

THE ROCK-HOPPER PENGUIN

AMONG the additions made lately to the collection of birds in the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, the specimens of the rock-hopper penguin, from New Zealand, are certainly worthy of attention. The one forming the subject of our illustration is an exceptionally handsome representative of that, in many ways remarkable group of aquatic and flightless birds known as penguins, constituting the family *Spheniscidae* of ornithologists. In these birds the wings are totally unfitted for flight in the air, but being small and covered with short rigid feathers, they are, by being used as paddles, admirably adapted for swimming beneath the surface of the water. As their legs, which are not so long as those of an ordinary-sized duck, are situated far back on the body, the birds stand perfectly upright upon them, a formation that renders their movements on land somewhat awkward and ungainly. In the water, however, when engaged in hunting their finny prey, they are extraordinarily active. The name "rock-hopper" was given to this genus of the family by the sailors, who noticed the peculiar way they had of jumping, with the curious little hops, from one rocky projection to another. They are also known as "Macarones" and as "yellow-crested penguins," for from the base of the upper mandible on each side a broad line of golden yellow passes over the eyes, and is continued for two inches beyond the head in a crest of fine-pointed feathers. Although these birds are plentiful in their chief habitat, the Falkland Islands, yet, strange to say, they are rarely seen in confinement. The specimens the Zoological Society have lately acquired are lodged in the fish-house in a large cage which is well supplied with water and artificial rock-work, so that the peculiar actions of the birds in both elements can be observed. At feeding time a large glass-fronted water-tank also enables visitors to watch and admire their rapid flight through the water in pursuit of the fish with which it has been previously stocked. The crowds that daily assemble here at the hour when this performance takes place testify to the fact that it is one of the sights of the Zoo.—Our illustration is from a photograph taken by Major J. Fortuné Nott, F.Z.S.

THE VILLA REISS

THIS handsome villa has been bought by the Empress Frederick of Germany as a summer residence. It is most picturesquely situated near Cronberg, among the Taunus Mountains, about five-and-a-half miles from Frankfurt, and has fine grounds of more than one hundred acres. It is now being enlarged and altered, and will afford very pleasant summer quarters for the Empress and her family. Cronberg itself, which contains 3,000 inhabitants, is very prettily situated on a hill, and is surrounded with fruit orchards and chestnut woods. It is commanded by a fine old castle, the Schloss Cronberg. The Empress is stated to have paid 20,000*l.* for the Villa Reiss.

BLOODHOUNDS WORKING IN EPPING FOREST

DURING the week the air has been full of more or less idle rumours regarding the employment of bloodhounds for the purpose of finding murderers in the East End of London. In some journals of repute Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, has been represented as having performed a wonderful feat as a severely bloodhound-hunted man in a West End park. If the specially-arranged performance had been altogether successful on the turf of that West End park, Sir Charles would have been in a position to demand from Mr. Augustus Harris an engagement as leading juvenile for the next Drury Lane melodrama, written with or without the collaboration of Mr. Pettitt or Mr. James Willing, jun., and having for its basis the East End horrors.

More to the purpose of the bloodhound inquiry which is being instituted by the Metropolitan Police is the simple story of Man-hunting in Epping Forest told by Mr. Weedon in his sketches, which we reproduce to-day. Let it be frankly said that they do little to find the x in the algebraical problem, which may thus be formulated.

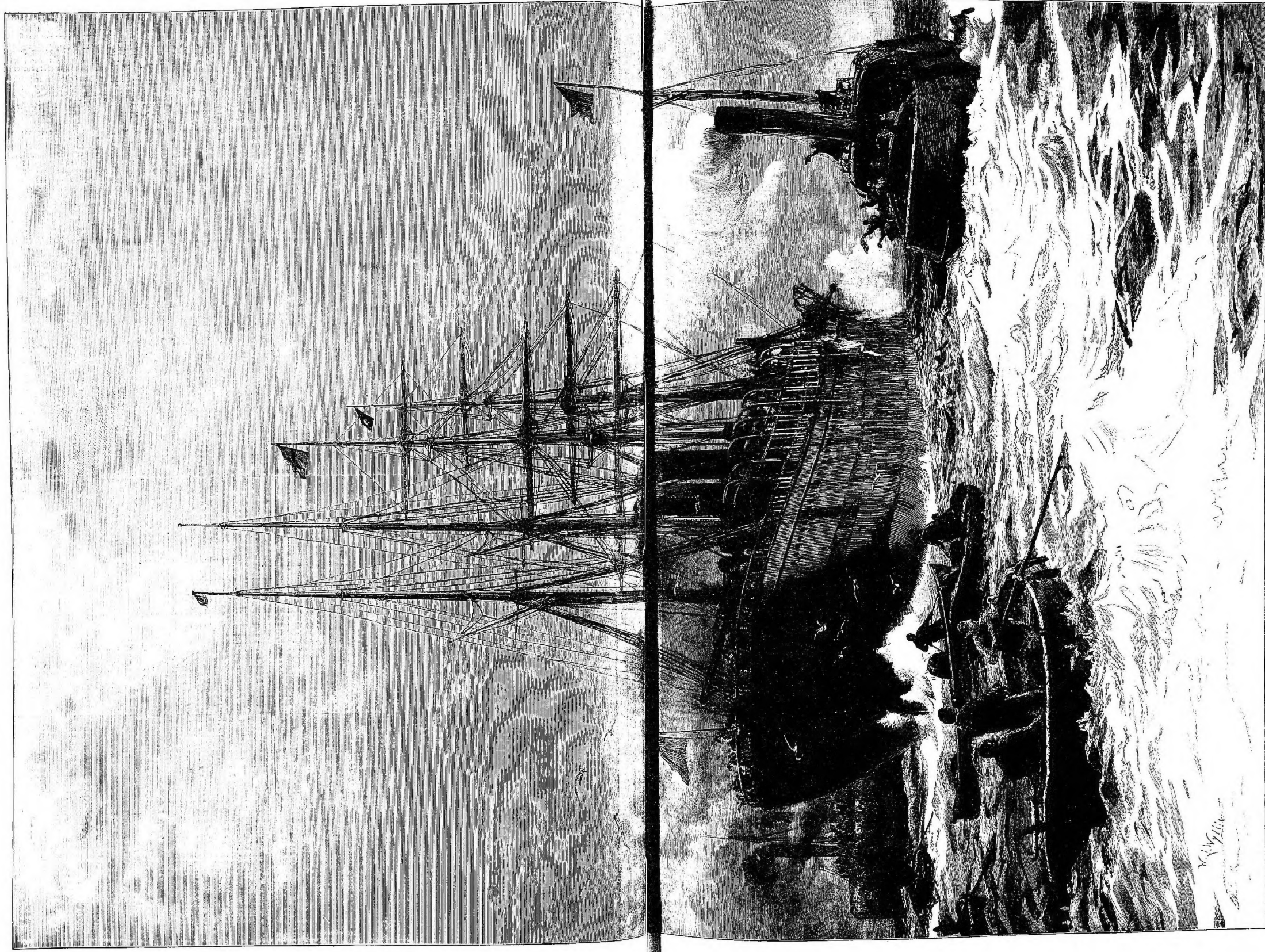
A = A bloodhound, successfully working with special training, in Epping Forest; B = the possibly ascertained difference between A and the animals which Sir Charles Warren is supposed to be about to employ in Whitechapel. Then x —(the unknown quantity), which means the working-out of the equation, remains to be found. It will not be discovered by amateur bloodhound "coursing" in the dewy morning in the West End of London.—Our artist has simply tried to give to the police authorities, who, we are told, want, without any special technical training, to know all about bloodhounds, the materials for exactly formulating the conditions under which the A of the suggested algebraic problem may be fairly stated. He has "hunted a man" in Epping Forest by the help of one of the bloodhounds which belong to Mr. Percy Lindley, of York Hill, Loughton, who is a breeder of bloodhounds. The name of the bitch "Dora," which did the work, is known as that of a daughter of the famous champion "Nestor." Our readers, by referring to Mr. Weedon's sketches, will see how the man was "started." The hound did not see him; otherwise, the experiment, which was made for the purposes of Sir Charles Warren and his colleagues, would have been valueless. Then the hound was put on to the scent, which presently became hot. The bitch strained on the "lead," as the old sporting writers call the "slip;" then she was let loose. She was running mute all the time, as Mr. Hugh Dalziel, the great authority on the subject, tells us a hound generally runs when she knows her quarry. When she found him, he was "up a tree" (see the last sketch), because she was then baying with a volume which might have been heard from Chingford to Epping. This was a trained hound, which was at fault only when she reached a brook. She lost the scent only for a moment or two before she found her quarry, and he was neither Sir Charles Warren nor the x of our algebraical problem. Let it be noted, too, that the Forest Laws, which are habitually broken by permission of the Conservators, do not interdict man-hunting.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RAILWAYS IN ENGLAND

See pp. 393 *et seq.*

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 397.



OFF TO THE ANTIPODES—A "P. AND O." STEAMER GOING DOWN THE THAMES



THE visit of the German Emperor to Austria and Italy remains the chief topic of European interest. His reception in Austria was in every way most cordial, and, apart from the official entertainments and receptions, there was a general feeling that his visit once more ratified the German-Austrian alliance—in particular as the two Emperors at the State banquet toasted each other and the German and Austrian armies respectively in far less measured terms than are customarily observed on such an occasion. One little incident, however, has aroused considerable comment. The Emperor has taken especial notice of, and bestowed high decorations, on Count Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, but has completely ignored the Austrian Prime Minister, Count Taaffe—even to the point, it is said, of declining to receive him. As Count Taaffe is the confidential adviser and intimate friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and, moreover, is popularly credited with having always fallen in with Prince Bismarck's views, Emperor William's coldness has caused much surprise, but is generally attributed to the fact that though head of the so-called German party, he is known to be opposed to exhibiting any fulsome adulation of the German Emperor, which would make it appear that Austria required a German Protectorate. Consequently he was somewhat chary in ordering Vienna to be officially be-flagged and illuminated, and this it is fancied has been construed into a slight by Emperor William. The latter left Vienna at the close of last week, and has been hunting in Styria with his Imperial host, meeting, however, with much bad weather and with little sport. On Wednesday, he started on his journey to Italy, travelling by way of Müzzuschlag, Bruck, and Pontafel. In ITALY the most elaborate preparations have been made for his reception at Rome, where he will be lodged in the Quirinal. The most careful arrangements were also made with regard to his visit to the Pope. In order to avoid giving the slightest semblance of offence to his Holiness, the Emperor has sent his private carriages to Rome, in which to drive to the Vatican, and will even enter them for his visit, not at the Quirinal, but at the Prussian Embassy which, diplomatically speaking, is German territory. While in Italy, the Emperor will pay a visit, in company with King Humbert, to Naples.

In GERMANY, poor Dr. Geffcken is still in prison despite all his friends' efforts to obtain his release on bail, and Dr. Hirschfeld has been appointed to conduct the inquiry. The Professor will be defended by Herr Wolfson—a prominent member of the National Liberal party, and member for Hamburg in the Reichstag. The October number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, containing the obnoxious extracts from the Emperor Frederick's Diary, have now been officially seized and confiscated by the police. A somewhat noteworthy speech has been made by Count Douglas—a favourite and confidant of Emperor William. In an election address the Count took upon himself to pronounce a high eulogium upon the Emperor, and to deny certain faults of character with which he had been popularly credited. He declared that in the midst of all his military duties the Emperor has been able to devote himself to the business of all other departments with equal zeal, that the Emperor is a decided champion of religious tolerance, that he is no "Cartel-Kaiser," but is always ready to acknowledge and reward political merit of every party, that he has the welfare of the poorer classes keenly at heart, that he grants his Royal protection to the practice of sound piety, is averse to all indulgence and frivolous prodigality, and that his reputation as a bellicose prince is utterly unfounded. Indeed, two years ago, when the policy of Russia seemed to bode danger to peace, the Emperor undertook the rôle of mediator, and with the best success. Count Douglas has now been summoned to Rome by his Imperial friend and master.

The affairs in EASTERN AFRICA are naturally exciting even more interest in Germany than in England, and the practical collapse of the German East African Company is creating considerable excitement. It is admitted by the Company that they are powerless to put down the native rebellion against their authority, and they now look to the Government to afford them protection and enforce the privileges given them in their charter. The anti-colonisation party are in high glee at the Company's failure, which in some quarters is attributed to the jealous and mischief-making English, but some German travellers more justly ascribe it to the severity and folly of the Company's employes who, utterly new to the art of ruling semi-civilised and barbarous races, think that they can do so by adopting the hectoring and unbending methods and tone of the Prussian uniformed officials. The Company's ill fortune, as we remark elsewhere, will probably have the effect of retarding the Emin Pasha Expedition until it can be organised on a larger scale, and provided with funds from the State. To turn to the scene of action, it is stated that the German Mediterranean Squadron has been ordered with all haste to Zanzibar, where the fugitive members of the German Company have taken refuge, and where the six Germans from the Pangani plantations have escaped safely in a dhow. At Bagamoyo and Daressalam the German war vessels *Leipziger* and *Sophie* still keep guard over the deserted buildings of the Company, and when reinforced by the four vessels of the Mediterranean Squadron will probably take summary vengeance upon the natives. The latter by no means consider all white men to be Germans, and apparently show every disposition to be friendly towards the English, and even guaranteed the safety of the British traders at Kilwa. Meanwhile, the excitement along the coast shows no sign of abating, and the injury to travel and the stoppage of all commerce with the interior are causing widespread distress and discontent among the entire community. One of the most unfortunate features of the whole affair is that this loss is borne, not by the Germans, who indeed have had no time to establish any commerce, but by the natives of British India, by whom all trade has hitherto been carried on, and by the unfortunate Sultan of Zanzibar, whose Custom receipts are thus materially diminished. The Sultan, however, on Tuesday received Mr. Mackenzie, and ratified the concession of the British East African Association, which is based on identical lines with the German Treaty. Mr. Mackenzie states that at Mombassa he was very well received by the natives.

In FRANCE President Carnot's tour in the South has been even more successful than his visit to Normandy. In Lyons especially he was enthusiastically received, and greeted with great marks of popular favour. In his speech at a banquet, when he toasted "the patriotic and laborious democracy of Lyons," he said "nothing in particular, but said it very well," dwelt upon Lyons being the "second city of France," and declared that her example is "well fitted to inspire the country with confidence in its destinies, and to show clearly to the enemies of the Republic their powerlessness, when to consummate its ruin they do not hesitate to enter upon the strange alliances." From Lyons M. Carnot went to Annecy, where he met with an equally cordial reception. M. Clemenceau has also been denouncing the warrior politician at Toulon. As for General Boulanger, he has returned to Paris, but beyond a conversation with a journalistic interviewer he has kept in the background, and is probably reserving himself for the forthcoming banquet at Dordogne. In Paris the registration of foreign residents is proceeding far more quietly and speedily than had been expected. The following is the

form of registration which has now to be procured by every foreigner intending to reside permanently in France:—

FRENCH REPUBLIC—City of Paris. In execution of the Decree of October 2, 1888. Before us—Prefect of Police—has presented himself Mr. . . . son of . . . and of . . . Born at . . . Nationality . . . Last place of abode . . . Profession . . . Married to . . . Children . . . Certificates and documents . . . Who has declared to us . . . his residence in Paris, Rue . . . number . . . Department of the Seine. Done in Paris the . . . 1888. Signature of the person who made this declaration . . . The Prefect of Police for the Prefect and the Head-Secretary, the Chief of the Second Bureau.

Ordinary visitors are exempt from this duty, as also those people who spend their winters in Nice or the other health resorts of the Riviera. The action of the Government has given great satisfaction to the working classes, as it is chiefly intended as a census of the enormous number of foreign workmen who now find employment in France, and not for the better class of foreign residents. The *Tamps*, *Débats*, and *Liberté*, however, condemn the measure as illegal.

In EGYPT the Nile has fallen lower than at any time on record, and much distress and loss of revenue is expected to ensue. Extensive measures, however, are being taken for the irrigation of the inundated lands in Upper Egypt, and the deficit is only expected to amount to some 150,000*l*. At Suakim matters remain in much the same condition, the rebels and the forts exchanging a desultory fire without any definitive effect.

RUSSIA is much disappointed that in the speeches of the German and Austrian Emperors they made no mention of the Czar and of his pacific intentions. The Muscovite organs are accordingly assuring their readers that the visit was not political, or connected with the settlement of the Bulgarian question. The Russian Mission to Abyssinia started on the 1st inst. It is officially declared to be of an "exclusively religious character," and consists of fifteen persons, headed by the Archimandrite Paissi. One of their objects is to establish a mission station, and they take with them an Orthodox Church, for which the sacred emblems and ornaments have already been sent off. The "mission station" is to be called Moscow. The Czar and his family are now in the Caucasus, and have visited Tiflis.

In INDIA, the advance of the Black Mountain expedition has resulted in some sharp fighting, and in a defeat of the enemy, though, for strategic reasons, General M'Queen appears to have retired from his advanced posts. The force under General M'Queen was divided into four columns, and active operations began on the 3rd inst., when a general advance took place. On the 5th inst. the first three columns occupied the ridge (see article in our Illustration column for description of the district), and the fourth seized Kotkai. The first column, which was to move up the Kairkat River and on to Chuttabut, which it now holds, had two men killed and two wounded, and the second and third columns, which ascended the lower portions of the Sumbalbut and Barachar spurs, lost five wounded. The fourth, which attacked Kotkai, met with the severest opposition. About two miles from Kotkai some Ghazi fanatics made a counter-charge, but were killed to a man. On our side, Captain Beley, D.S.O., of the Staff, one native officer, two privates of the Royal Irish Regiment, and one sepoy were killed, and Captain Radford, Lieutenant Cleeve, eleven European privates, and one sepoy were wounded. The column was commanded by Colonel Crookshank, who was wounded during a reconnaissance on the 5th inst., and remains at Kotkai. General M'Queen commanded the operations of the third column in person, and eventually occupied Thaima, two miles above Seri, which was observed to be in flames. The fighting appears to have been very severe, and Doda Hill, which was strongly held by the enemy, was gallantly carried by the 3rd Sikhs and the Northumberland Fusiliers. After bivouacking at Thaima, General M'Queen retired on the morning of the 7th, in order to meet the fourth or river column. The enemy, with true guerilla instinct, followed up the retreating column, harassing the rear guard with a continuous fire. The further advance of the various columns was expected to be delayed for some days, so that the unknown country might be thoroughly reconnoitred. On Monday the second and third columns were on the Karingali ridge of the mountain; the first column was also on the ridge five miles to the north of Chuttabut, and the fourth was eight miles west of Kotkai on the Indus. On Tuesday a force under Brigadier-General Channey advanced upon Seri, and destroyed the place without any opposition. It has been decided to occupy Seri, which commands the whole of the valley inhabited by the Hassanzais and Akazais. General M'Queen has informed these tribes that unless they accept his terms by Monday, he will destroy their crops. There is little news from the Sikkim expedition beyond that the Rajah who had come into Gnatong has been sent to Darjeeling to confer with the Lieutenant Governor. Colonel Michell has occupied Tumlong, the capital of Sikkim, being received with enthusiasm, and we now hear that "energetic action in the interests of peace is being taken by the Chinese Representative at Lhasa." From Afghanistan comes a report that Ishak Khan was completely defeated, at Tashmargoan, on September 27th. It is also stated that Gholam Haider has captured Ishak's brother-in-law, commanding his Usbeg forces. These reports, however, are not confirmed, and we fear that the wish is father to the thought.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear that our Protectorate of the Savage Islands is contested by the Germans, who claim that in the Anglo-German agreement touching their respective spheres of interest in the Western Pacific (April 6th, 1886), these islands were declared to be neutral.—In the UNITED STATES the Supreme Court of Utah has pronounced in favour of the United States Government's claim to dissolve the Mormon Church and Corporation, and to have its property forfeited to the Government. An appeal is now to be lodged in the United States Supreme Court.—Yellow fever is rapidly decreasing in Florida.—The King of GREECE will shortly hold festivities in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his succession.



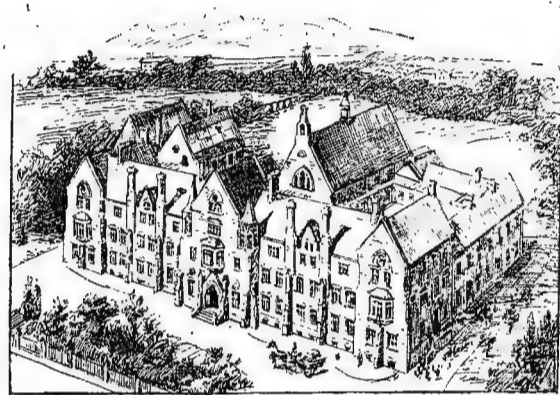
THE weather in the Highlands has been cold and stormy, but the Queen has been out daily. At the close of last week the Princess of Wales with her daughters, Prince Albert Victor, the Duchess of Albany with her son, Princess Frederica and Baron von Pawel Rammingen visited Her Majesty. On Friday evening the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Albany witnessed some *tableaux vivants*, in which Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor, the young Princesses of Wales, Princess Frederica, Princess Alice of Hesse, Princess Margaret, and Prince Arthur of Connaught took part. On Saturday the young Princesses of Wales and Prince Albert Victor lunched with Her Majesty, and the Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen. In the evening Her Majesty witnessed a continuation of the *tableaux vivants*. Divine service was performed in the Castle on Sunday, the Queen and Royal Family being present, the Rev. Professor Story, D.D., officiating. In the afternoon the Queen called on Princess Frederica at Abergeldie Mains. Viscount Cross and the Rev. Dr. Story dined with Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Bucharest last Thursday week, and was met at the station by the King of Roumania and the British Minister, accompanied by a large number of dignitaries and notabilities. The King and Prince were heartily cheered on their

road to the Palace. At noon, the Prince accompanied the King to the ceremony of inaugurating the new waterworks for supplying the capital, and in the afternoon left with His Majesty for Sinaia. On Sunday the Prince left Sinaia, being accompanied as far as Predeal, on the Roumanian frontier, by King Charles, who there cordially took leave of the Prince. At Maros Vasarhely the Prince was met by the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and proceeded with him on a branch line from Szasz Regen to the Radnotfaja station (a line kept exclusively for the Crown Prince and his guests), and drove to the Castle of Görgeny in Transylvania. At Radnotfaja station, where the Princes arrived at 8 A.M. on Monday, they met with an enthusiastic reception, and most of the Hungarian and Transylvanian members of the Royal shooting-party were at the station, and were at once presented to the Prince. After a hurried *déjeuner* at the Castle Görgeny Szent Imre, the shooting-party started on its first excursion to Aderjan on ponies. Arriving at their destination, they took up standings about seventy feet apart, and waited for game. Unfortunately, the bears would not show, and later on the party took up a position in another part of the forest, but, with the exception of the appearance of two wild boars, no better luck favoured them, the bad sport being attributed to the sultry weather. On Wednesday the Royal party shot over the country round Francsal with equal ill success. The Prince was to return to Vienna on Friday, and to proceed to the Imperial lodge at Radner, near Eisenerz, in Styria, arriving on the 15th inst., accompanied by the Crown Prince Rudolph, for a day's big-game shooting in the mountains. Next day the Prince will start for Paris, en route for England.

ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE

In the presence of Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray (Chairman of the Board of Governors), the Bishop of Rochester, and a distinguished company, the above Institution, which is located at Catford Bridge, was opened on October 1st by Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P. Mr. E. Clifton is the architect of the building, which is of red brick, with terra cotta facings, in the domestic Gothic style. On the ground-floor there is a large entrance hall, a reception-hall, and two corridors of class-rooms. The first floor is occupied by class-rooms and masters' rooms, and



the floor above by dormitories. The College, which has been erected at a cost of 35,000*l*, has been founded under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners out of a charitable fund of the parish of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, for the education of four hundred boys, of whom sixty will be boarders. The Institution is intended to provide an education suitable for boys entering on commercial, technical, and professional pursuits, special attention being paid to natural science, modern languages, and drawing. There are also laboratories and workshops, while twelve acres of ground attached to the building have been laid out for school games. Forty scholarships are to be maintained, and eight exhibitions, tenable at any University in the United Kingdom.



THE RUSSIAN OPERA COMPANY.—A lengthy notice of the semi-concert performances which the Russian Opera Company began at the Albert Hall on Monday evening would simply be waste of valuable space. Already the managers of the *troupe* have admitted their mistake, and, by entering into arrangements with Mrs. Jodrell for the appearance of their artists on the stage at the Novelty Theatre next Wednesday, they have tacitly confessed that their miscellaneous concerts, given at the Albert Hall, did not show the company at their best. The ridiculous idea of asking a couple of dozen young lady students to play on somebody's pianos music to which nobody cared very much to listen, has deservedly been dismissed as a matter to which no artistic value could possibly be attached. Upon such a detail we therefore do not care to dwell. But the Russian *troupe*, despite a certain roughness displayed in the singing by the gorgeously-decked choir—in, for example, the opening fugue chorus from Glinka's *Life for the Czar*—are manifestly a thoroughly trained party of operatic vocalists, and their appearance on the stage at the Jodrell Theatre will, we hope, do a good deal to advance the cause they have at heart, that is to say, the popularising of Slavonic music in the West. Whether Rubinstein's *Demon*, with which they propose to open their season in Great Queen Street, may fairly be accepted as a legitimate specimen of real Russian Opera may, of course, be a matter of opinion. Its reception at the Royal Italian Opera a few years ago was not altogether satisfactory, despite the fact that M. Lassalle then gave a singularly fine impersonation of the amorous Mephistopheles, who so far deserted his kingly attributes as to make violent love to a beautiful woman, to kill her betrothed, and finally to sink (through a convenient trap-door) down to the nether regions, after the celestial angel had prevented his wicked designs by bringing the walls of the convent on the devoted head of the heroine. The prose romance of the Russian poet Lermontoff may of course have its interest to Russian believers in modern miracles, but the moral would appear to be too cautiously concealed in a story which teaches that a Princess can only escape by a horrible death from the matrimonial pretensions of a wealthy, amiable, and exceedingly good-looking personage, whose tail and hoofs pass unobserved beneath the garments of masculine life. On the other hand, *Life for the Czar*, although the story may be unduly spun out, is full of purely human interest, and its gloom is dispelled by the polonaises and mazourkas with which Glinka's music abounds. This would be a capital work with which to open a Russian opera-season, and so would the opera *Mazeppa*, based by M. Tchaikowsky upon Byron's poem. As all three works were in the provincial repertory of this company there ought to be no difficulty in making a more satisfactory choice than that now suggested.

THE FESTIVALS.—The last of the year's Festivals are rather half-hearted affairs. The North Staffordshire Festival held this week at Hanley is, of course, only a trial performance. But we understand that the various choirs of the locality have mustered in force, and, sinking local jealousies, have given Dr. Heap and his associates the opportunity to pick the best voices from their ranks. This autumn they are satisfied with *Elijah* and a miscellaneous concert, but two years hence they will produce a new cantata, written by their conductor specially for them.—The programme of the Bristol Festival we have already given. It will be held next week, Sir Charles Halle's band forming the orchestra.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Covent Garden Concert season will end this week, an extra performance, in which Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Scalchi will take part, being announced on Monday for the benefit of the *entrepreneur*, who, if crowded audiences have any criterion, would appear to have been reaping very substantial "benefits" for two months past. However, the Promenade Concerts have once more served the useful purpose of affording a cheap, and for the most part excellent, entertainment, at a period of the year when the collective wisdom of ordinary *entrepreneurs* would otherwise leave London practically musicless. Furthermore, it is satisfactory to find that, save as to Saturdays, which for various reasons not always wholly connected with music are usually crowded nights, the largest audiences of the Promenade Concerts have this year once more been attracted by the once-despised "Classical" Wednesdays. This, we may take it, is a healthy sign, and as the reserved seats on "Classical" nights have almost invariably been sold out almost before the performance began, it seems obvious that there is a large public available for moderately cheap symphony concerts. The hint to more serious concert-goers would appear to be clear. Last Wednesday's programme included Weber's *Concertstück*, played in excellent fashion by Mrs. Dutton Cook, two of Wieniawski's smaller pieces by Mr. Bernhard Carrodus, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, and some overtures and songs.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Crystal Palace Saturday Concert season will commence this afternoon.—Last Saturday Mr. Harris gave a performance of *Carmen* at the Crystal Palace. But Madame Tietelli, his Carmen, and Miss MacIntyre, his Michaela, were both ill, and as their places had to be filled by substitutes, and as the chorus had not had time to rehearse since their arrival from the Continent, it would hardly be fair to criticise the representation. On Monday the troupe began their provincial season in Glasgow.—The distinguished conductor, Mr. Theodore Thomas, has been compelled to relinquish his Symphony Concerts, which he has held in New York and elsewhere for upwards of twenty years.—We understand that the Sacred Harmonic Society have resolved to give no Oratorio Concerts this season, at any rate, till after Christmas.



SIR CHARLES GREY having had the misfortune to shoot an antagonist in a duel takes to flight in alarm for the consequences, and with his charming young wife seeks shelter in a roadside inn. Fire-cause 'or alarm is here found in the arrival of an elderly lawyer, who, like the old man in Rogers's "Genevra," appears to be "in quest of something;" but it proves that the lawyer has only come to say that the wounded man is not seriously injured. Hearty congratulations follow, and the curtain falls. Such is the too-simple story of *The Spotted Lion*, a new drama in one act, written by Mr. W. Sapté, jun., of which the dramatic critics were summoned to see the production on Monday evening at the OPERA COMIQUE. As a Christmas drawing-room entertainment Mr. Sapté's little piece might pass, but it is certainly too slight even for a *lever de rideau* at the Gaiety Theatre; nor were matters mended by the fact that the performers were for the most part imperfect in the mastery of the dialogue. *She*, we may here note, has been shorn by Miss Eyre of Mr. Rose's prologue, which serves to shorten a rather long play. It will, we believe, be shortly withdrawn.

Mr. George Edwards resumes possession of the GAIETY on Saturday, the 27th inst., when a newly-recruited company, of which Miss Florence St. John, Mr. Lonnén, and Mr. George Stone are conspicuous members, will appear in a new burlesque by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, entitled *Faust and Margaret Up to Date*. Miss Nellie Farren, Mr. Leslie, and the regular Gaiety Burlesque Company are on their way from Australia, *via* San Francisco, to New York, where they are to open in *Monte Cristo, Junior*, on the 13th of November.

The name of Mr. W. H. Denny, whose impersonation of Shadbolt, the head jailer and assistant tormentor, in the new opera at the SAVOY is so generally admired for its cleverness and humour, is, it appears, merely a professional one. He is a son of Mrs. Leigh, the popular actress of the Gaiety and the Adelphi.

The ST. JAMES'S re-opens this evening under the management of Mr. Rutland Barrington, who will produce on the occasion the long announced version, by Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Philips, of the latter writer's novel, *The Dean and His Daughter*. It is understood that Mr. Barrington will devote the Picture Gallery, which was a popular lounge under the Hare and Kendal rule, to a succession of small exhibitions of paintings and drawings.

Mr. Mayer's season of French plays at the ROYALTY begins on Monday next, with Mlle. Jane May and M. Lafontaine in *L'Abbé Constant*.

Next Saturday is the date announced for the opening of the new SHAFTESBURY Theatre under the direction of the proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster. Mrs. Lancaster, professionally known as Miss Wallis, will then appear as Rosalind in a revival of *As You Like It*.



COOK v. MISTRESS.—Many a lady enters her own kitchen with misgivings and trembling. Perhaps the recent decision of Judge Powell in the Woolwich County Court may do something to inspire mistresses with a more vivid sense of their own rights in their own houses. The particular cook who brought her mistress before Judge Powell did not think that her employer had any right to go into her (the cook's) kitchen, "and pull things about." "If I am cook—a please go out" seems to have been her formula, followed by a refusal to go on with her work. On "Master's" return home, however, the cook was dismissed on the spot; and the only word of sympathy which she gained by her action was a prompt refusal by the Judge to award her wages in lieu of notice, and an expression of judicial opinion that, if the matter had rested with him, she should have no pay even for the three weeks to which her service had extended.

THE SPECIAL (PARNELL) COMMISSION will be resumed on Monday, the 22nd inst., before the Commissioners. Sir James

Hannen has given instructions to have the gallery of the Court temporarily enlarged. This will be done by bringing the gallery forward several feet in front, in addition to which seats will be erected on each side over the two entrances to the Court. No one will be admitted to the Court under any circumstances without a ticket. It is not now expected that the Attorney-General will appear before the Commission, as Mr. Murphy, Q.C., has, it is said, been offered a leader's brief.—A subpoena on the part of the *Times* has been served on Mr. Harrington, and others are about to be served on Mr. Parnell, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Biggar, Dr. J. E. Kenny, Mr. Campbell, &c., requiring them to produce all minute-books, cash-books, ledgers, cheque-books, bankers' pass-books, and letter-books of the Irish National League and other Leagues from the year 1879 to the year 1888.—Mr. Parnell's private secretary, Mr. Campbell, M.P., has begun an action against the *Times* for libel, in having charged him with being the writer of the alleged forged letters.

SALVATION ARMY EARNINGS.—Mr. Sheil, the Magistrate at Southwark, made some comments the other day on the income of General Booth, which have given deep umbrage, and hardly without cause, to the friends of the Salvation Army. General Booth was prosecuting a thief who had stolen 57½ sent by post to the Salvation Army Stores in payment of books, clothes, &c. On hearing the amount of the theft, the Magistrate said, "General Booth seems to be a very fortunate 'General' to receive so large an amount in one day. No Field-Marshal in France, Germany, or England would receive so much in a day as this General. No doubt the other officers are equally well paid. You know what Carlyle once said, that the British nation was composed of so many millions—mostly fools. I wonder what he would say if he were here to-day." Mr. Sheil, notwithstanding, committed the prisoner to trial.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.—Magistrates have so often taken the part of parents and children in the matter of school punishments, that it is frequently a matter of no small difficulty for a conscientious teacher to decide when and how far to punish an obstinate and naughty child during school work. At a Junior Board School in Sheffield the other day an assistant mistress, who objected to the use of the cane, pinned on a child's breast a piece of paper on which was written the word "Baby," hoping thereby to rouse some sense of shame on the part of the little one, who had been persistently disturbing the peace of the class. The mother of the child, on hearing of the indignity put upon her offspring, rushed into the class-room while the children were at work, and slapped the teacher across the face in the presence of the whole school. The mother, on being brought before the Bench, was ordered to pay a fine of twenty shillings and costs.



THE TURF.—Again a French mare has carried off the Cesarewitch. M. P. Aumont's Ténébreuse was by no means what her name implies, a "dark horse." On the contrary, she had a good record when, as a three-year-old, she carried off the Grand Prix last season from a field which included Merry Hampton and The Baron. In her three races at Ascot this year, however, she failed to score, and was consequently treated somewhat leniently by the handicapper, though her weight, 8 st. 12 lbs., is the heaviest carried to victory during recent years. Besides the winner, who started at 10 to 1, Trayles, Button Park, Kenilworth, and Acme had all been well backed. There were twenty-three runners. Millstream was second, Trayles third, and Matin Bell fourth. Tom Cannon rode the winner, as he did in 1880, when Robert the Devil was successful.

On the first day of the Newmarket Meeting, the principal event was the Clearwell Stakes, which El Dorado placed to Mr. Douglas Baird's credit. Braw Lass beat Fullerton, Grafton, and Love-in-Idleness in the Trial Plate, and among other winners were Paloma, Noble Chieftain, and Ormuz. On the Cesarewitch day two more of Bend Or's offspring were successful. Gulbeyaz secured the Severals Plate and Ossory the Royal Stakes, the latter result being chiefly attributable to a fine piece of riding by Tom Cannon. Wednesday saw the decision of the Middle Park Plate. For this, in the absence of Chitabob, who has gone amiss, Donovan was favourite, though some danger was apprehended from Antibes and Ben Strome. The former, however, was brought out for the Bretby Stakes, which he won from Fleur-de-Lys, and the latter was never prominent. Donovan was first, Gulliver second, and Clover third.

There were two days' racing at Epsom last week. George Barrett was in great form on the first day. He won the Manor Plate on The Sharper, the Durdans Nursery Handicap Plate on Paloma, and the High-Weight Handicap Plate on Theosophist. In the Copthorne Plate his brother Fred steered Prudence to victory. Next day Gervas won the Effingham Plate, and the colt by Barcalaine—Bonnie Rose the Egmont Nursery Handicap Plate, while Yule Tide and Meadow Brown added to their previous successes. At Kempton on Friday Ecstasy won the October Two-Year-Old Plate, and Fleur-de-Lys the Champion Nursery Handicap, both winners being ridden by young Mornington Cannon. Guy Mannering and the veteran Laceman also scored. Fred Barrett has taken a long lead of Watts in the list of winning jockeys, and George Barrett, in spite of his late start, has run into third place. For the Cambridge-shire Ténébreuse has, of course, been backed to emulate Phaisanterie's feat three years ago, but she is not favourite, and, as she has gone to fulfil an engagement in France, may possibly not run. At the time of writing Sheen, from the same stable, was most in demand.

FOOTBALL.—The Maories achieved a second victory in their match against Northamptonshire. They met with tougher opponents in the Kent team, but were again successful, by a goal and a try to a try. Forward our visitors seem very strong and well together, but their backs are somewhat weak.—Much regret has been expressed in football circles at the reported death, while mountaineering in the Caucasus, of Mr. Harry Fox, the well-known Somersetshire and International half-back. However, all hope has not yet been abandoned, and in the hope that he and his companions may yet be safe, a vacancy was left for him upon the committee at the general meeting of the Rugby Union last week. Several important alterations in the rules, tending to put down rough play and other malpractices, were carried.—Association-wise, Preston North End continue to have an unbroken record of victories in League matches. In an ordinary match, however, they have succumbed to the Third Lanark R.V. The Canadians have been beaten both by Notts County and Blackburn Rovers. In the first round of the qualifying competition for the Association Cup, decided on Saturday, Old Etonians were beaten by Maidenhead, and Royal Engineers by Crusaders. Warwickshire beat Stoke, but the latter had their first team playing in a League match.

BILLIARDS.—After a very even struggle, which resulted in the conclusion of the game being postponed till Monday last, Mitchell beat Peall in their all-in match at the Aquarium. Several large breaks were made, but none of four figures. This week Cook, who seems to be in quite his old form, is playing spot-barred against McNeill, and had, at time of writing, all the best of it. Peall has offered to give Roberts 3,000 in 15,000, all in. The Champion has deigned no reply to this startling challenge. Such a match would be intensely interesting.

CYCLING.—The most exciting event at the benefit meeting of the National Cyclist Union was the mile race between Osmond and Synner, which the latter won after an exciting struggle.—Temple has been beaten by Rowe in a five miles race in America.—Fifty miles has been ridden on a tandem in less than three hours (record), though the riders were delayed ten minutes by a collision with a drove of bullocks.

SWIMMING.—Nuttall easily upheld his right to the 220 Yards Championship on Monday, and G. A. Blake did the same by the Plunging Championship. On Wednesday the latter beat his previous record with a plunge of 75 ft. 7 in.—In the semi-final round of the Water Polo Championship competition the Burton-on-Trent S.C. beat the Nautilus S.C. The winning team, which included the well-known swimmers J. L. and H. Mayer, met the Otter S.C. in the final on October 22nd, at the Lambeth Baths.

GOLF.—The Championship match, played at St. Andrews, on Saturday, was won by J. Burns, of Warwick, who did the double round in 171 strokes. Of the amateurs Mr. Leslie Balfour did best. He was fourth with 175.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—Public interest was maintained from first to last in the proceedings of the Church Congress at Manchester. This year's meeting has been the largest on record. The Bishop of the Diocese mentioned in his closing address that four thousand five hundred persons had taken tickets for all the meetings, and that one thousand seven hundred day tickets had been issued in addition. Discussions took place, besides those recorded last week, on the desirability of revising the Prayer Book; the bearing of Democracy on Church life and work; the future of voluntary elementary schools; on the increase of the Episcopate; on Sunday observance; and on the ministry of women in the Church. A vigorous address was given by Archdeacon Farrar in the Town Hall, before a vast audience, upon "Eternal Punishment," in which he repudiated, with all the force of his conviction, the view formerly held tenaciously, and still held by a large section in the Church, that the majority of mankind, dying in unrepentant sin, pass after this life into a lake of fire to eternal material torment. Such a conception he declared to be alike contrary to all sense of justice and mercy, to Scripture and reason, and abhorrent to the conscience of mankind. The Archdeacon's paper excited an animated discussion. One speaker, Dr. Randall, entering a strong protest against what he called "the unauthorised and soul-destroying heresies propagated that day." Perhaps the most practical and far-reaching speech of the Congress was contributed by Mr. Childers, M.P., who, speaking on the closing day of the Congress, dealt with the subject of "Church Finance." The Church, he maintained, had never sufficiently recognised the importance of obtaining power to administer her great estate by her own agency. He thought the time had come when the Church should claim from the State the right to regulate her own financial affairs through her own representative bodies, general, diocesan, and parochial. The Congress next year will be held in Cardiff.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION, presided over by Dr. Bruce, is this week holding its autumnal session in Nottingham. Upwards of a thousand delegates from all parts of the kingdom are present. Dr. Bruce opened the debates with a paper on National Unsectarian Education. He described the proposals of the Royal Commission as revolutionary, and more worthy of the worst days of Queen Anne than of the best days of Queen Victoria; and contended that, so far as education is aided by the State, and paid for by the rates and taxes, it should be free from the teaching of creeds and catechisms, and from the control of priests and Churches. Among other subjects for discussion there will be one on "Nonconformity in the University of Oxford, and on the work of Congregational Churches in villages and in towns. Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., was to preside over a meeting of working men on Friday.

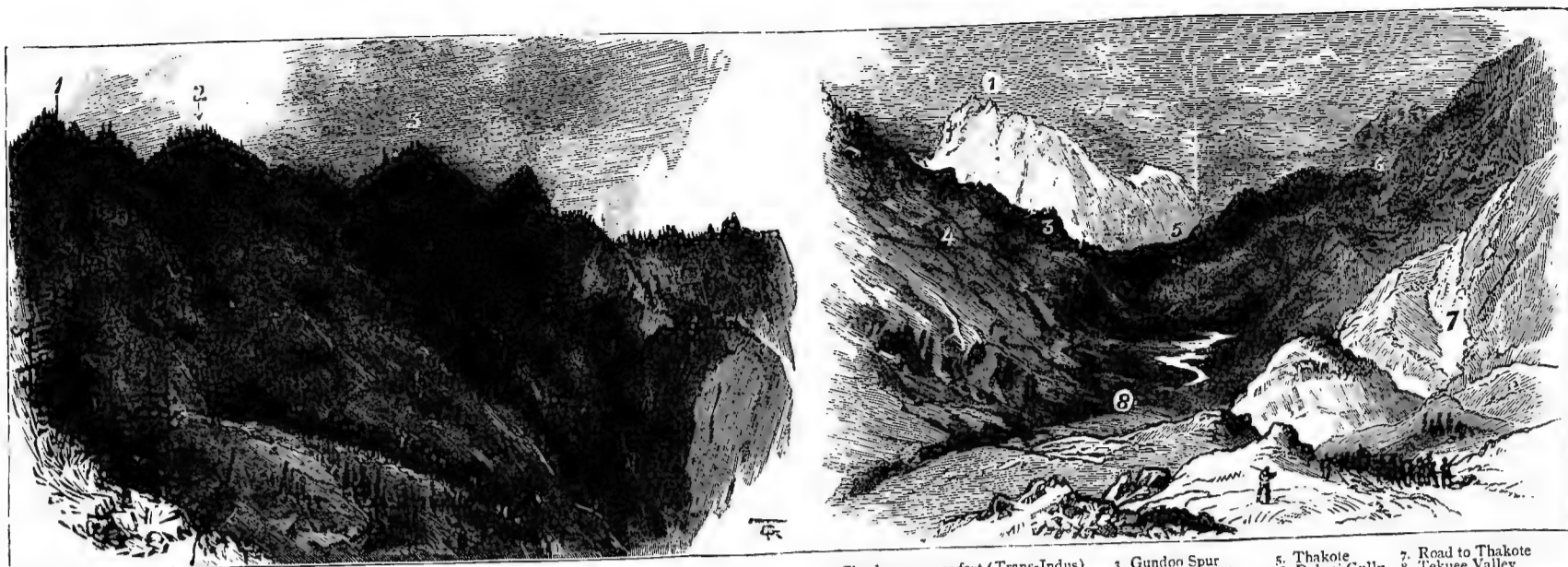
A FUND is now being raised to provide a memorial to the late Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, who last Christmas lost his life in a snowstorm while on a visit to Scotland.

LAST SUNDAY the Rev. H. P. Jeston, Vicar of Chesham, near Tring, celebrated the sixty-seventh anniversary of his Ordination. He is in his ninety-second year, and has been Vicar of the parish for forty-six years. It is remarkable that his predecessor, the Rev. David Roderick, also held the living for as long a period.

THE REV. EDWARD S. TALBOT, M.A., Warden of Keble College, Oxford, a connection of Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Hartington's, has been nominated by Lord Salisbury to the Vicarage of Leeds, recently held by the new Bishop of Chester. Mr. Talbot, who is a High Churchman and a Liberal, was educated at Charterhouse and at Christchurch, Oxford, where he took a First Class in Lit. Hum. in 1865.



DRY WEATHER has favoured threshing, and the show of new wheat and barley at the principal markets is large enough to enable buyers to form a decided view as to the character of the season's offerings. Wheat is generally short in weight—about 59 lbs. to the bushel may be assumed to be the average, against 63 lbs. last year. The total yield, according to the last estimate published, which takes into account recent threshings, is a trifle under four milliards of pounds, against average food-wants of thirteen milliards. This, of course, leaves nine milliards to be imported—a gigantic requirement, justifying the recent rise in price, without any reference to "corners" in America or elsewhere. Mr. Clare Sewell Read, whose judgment as a practical agriculturist is noted for caution, has waited until he had made some fairly extensive threshings. He now puts the wheat-crop of 1888 at 8 bushels under a full average, or 24 bushels against 32 bushels. As compared with 1887, there is a deficiency of 14 bushels. In Norfolk generally, the wheat yield seems to vary from 22 to 32 bushels, but it is only the very best land, highly cultivated and manured, which yields 4 qrs. per acre in the present season. Lincolnshire threshings confirm Mr. C. S. Read's opinion, for the report of an extensive owner of threshing machines assumes a 24-bushel figure quite without knowledge of the Norfolk estimate. The best report which has yet reached us is from the Isle of Thanet, where the rainfall was much less than over nineteen twentieths of the United Kingdom. The average is put by our correspondent at 40 bushels, last year's crop at 48 bushels, and that of this year at 36 bushels. A large Yorkshire farmer—and Yorkshire grows over half-a-million quarters of wheat—says, after threshings of some extent, that defective ears, with blight and mildew together, reduce the crop 33 per cent., the average yield



1. Chutterbut 2. Trund Doda 3. Machai Peak, 11,000 feet
THE BLACK MOUNTAIN FROM MUNNA KA DANNA, LOOKING WEST

1. Chuckerur, 11,000 feet (Trans-Indus) 3. Gundoo Spur 5. Thakote 7. Road to Thakote
2. Chaukerzais 4. Black Mountain 6. Dobrai Gully 8. Tekuee Valley
NUNDIAR AND THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS FROM THE SHUBOORA SPUR BORDERING ON TIKKEE
THE EXPEDITION TO THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, WESTERN HIMALAYAS, INDIA

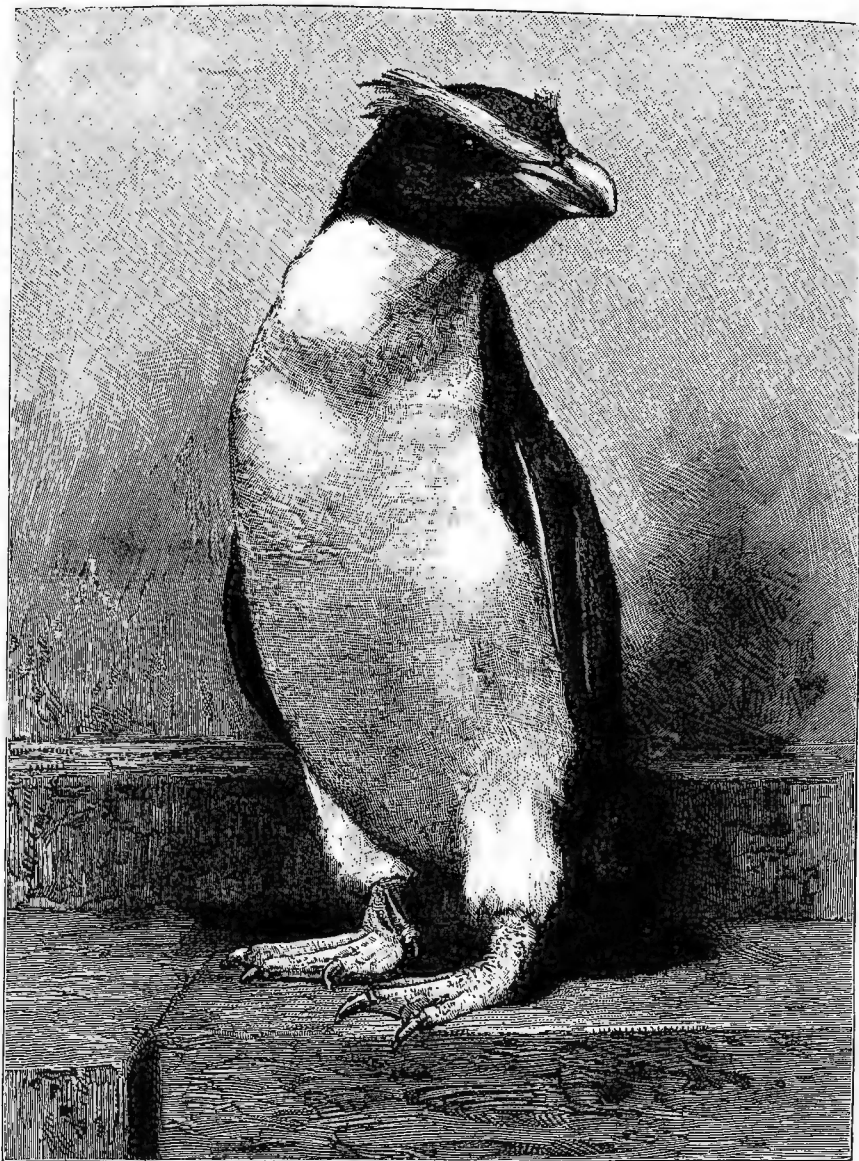


SCENE I.—IN THE BAY

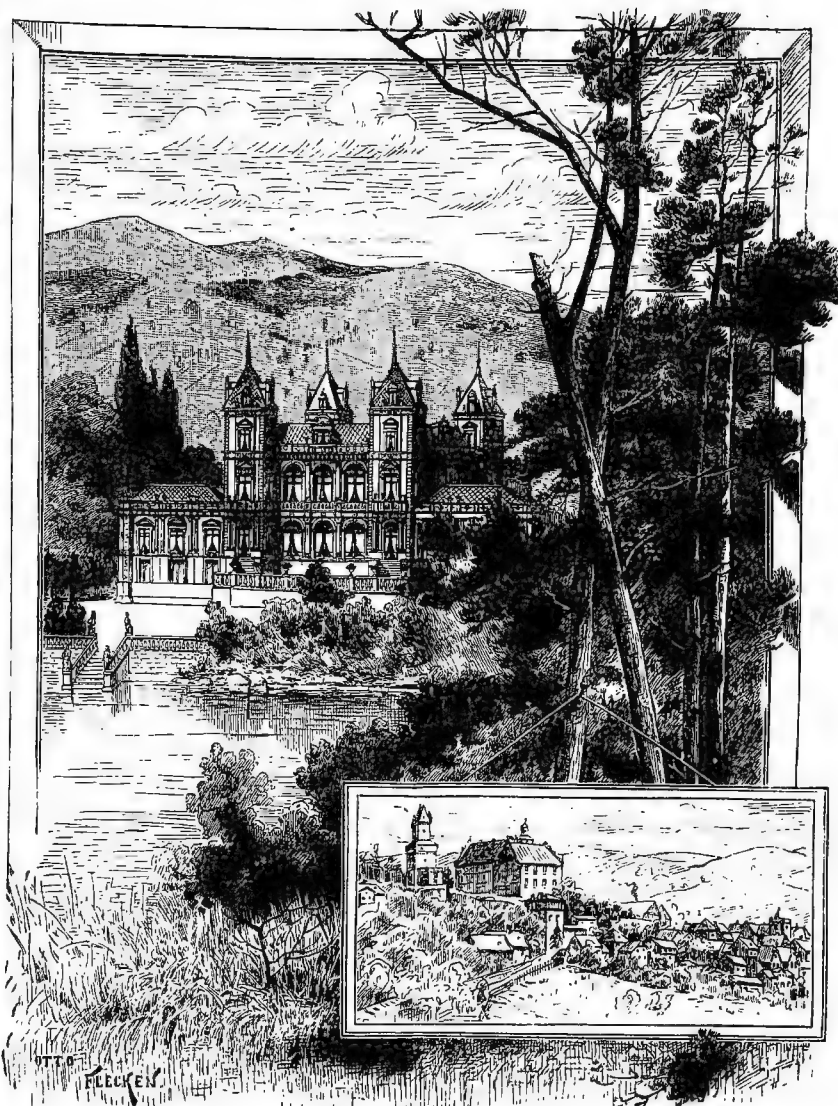


SCENE II.—IN THE TOWN

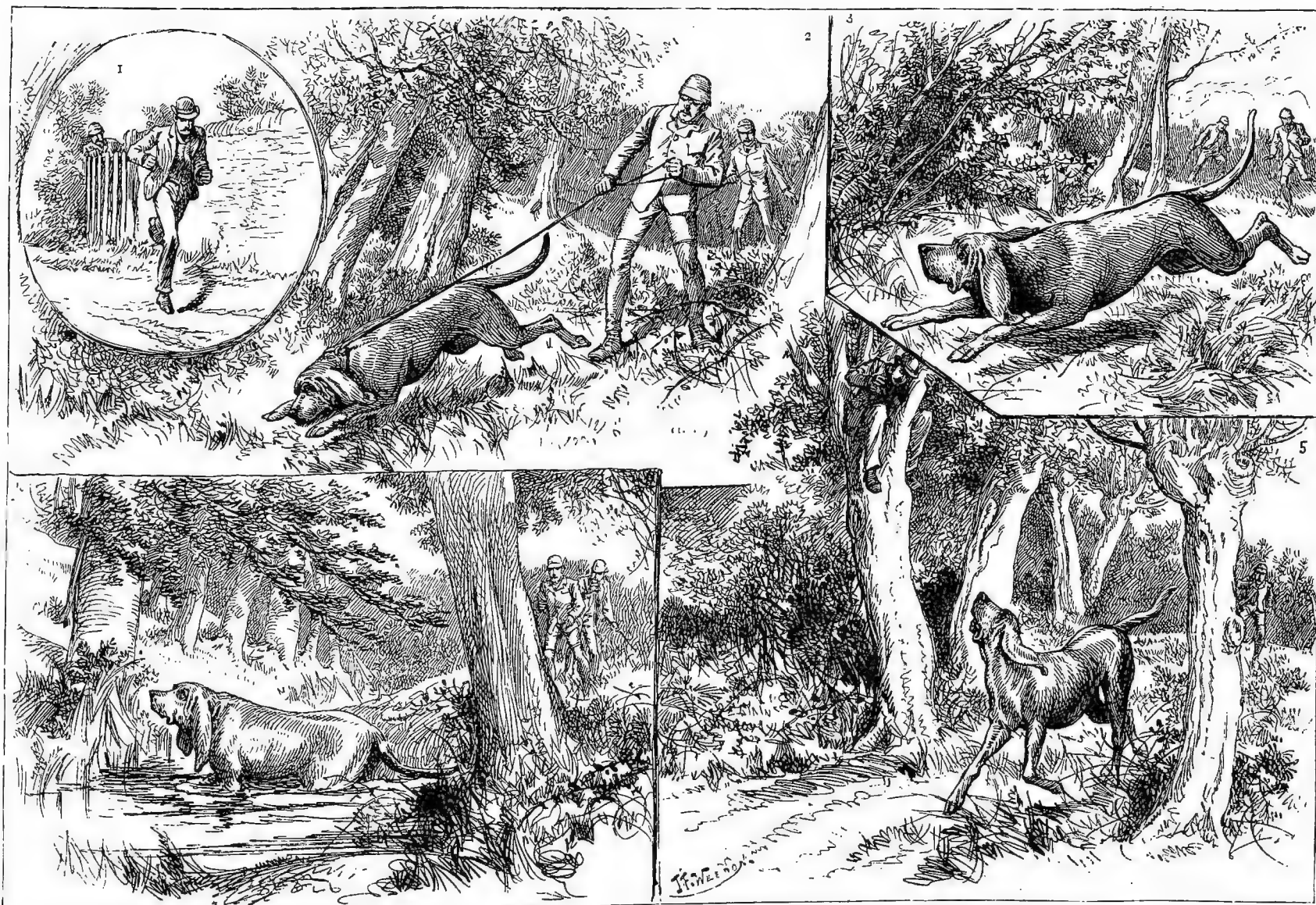
A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA"—III., NAPLES UNDER A CLOUD
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD



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1. The Fugitive 2. Working Hard on the Scent 3. Full Cry 4. At Fault 5. "Up a Tree"

EXPERIMENTS FOR MAN-TRACKING WITH BLOODHOUNDS IN EPPING FOREST

being not much more than 20 bushels in his county. In South-Western England, threshings have revealed an even greater deficiency, for a South Devon farmer reports a mean yield of 12 bushels only, of 57 lbs. average weight to the bushel, and that well-known North Devon agriculturist, Mr. W. J. Harris, has only obtained 17 bushels of 58 lbs. mean weight, as compared with 36 bushels weighing 66 lbs. last year. Barley threshings show a far better yield, as they generally approach an average, and here and there exceed it. Fine bright samples, however, are so scarce, that 50s. has been paid for the best home-grown and imported malting barley. The supply of distilling and of brown beer barley will be larger than usual. Not much oats have been threshed as yet; the yield seems large, but the weight of samples being below the average will bring this down.

FORTY SHILLINGS used to be regarded as the low-water mark of the English wheat average; but, for the last cereal year, the average was 31s. 1d. only, and at no time did the price rise to 40s. A return to a 40s. level does not to-day seem so improbable as it did some months since, but a Lincolnshire agriculturist thinks it would be, after all, a dangerous thing to build on the prospect of wheat again becoming remunerative to British farmers. He is equally dissatisfied with the alternative which, in all the agricultural journals he has read, takes the form of stock-raising. "Now the great problem, if once we admit that our salvation will be found in meat-growing, is, What we are to do with our arable lands. The prophets tell us to lay them down under permanent pasture until better times appear, but, even supposing that our arable soil was converted into pasture, should we be much better off? I think the experience of those who have tried cattle-raising on pasture farms condemns the system as a bad one, while the proverb, that 'to make a pasture will break a man' is as true now as it was in days of Jethro Tull. No; the true solution of the difficulty will be found in making our arable lands produce bulky rotation green crops, some

for present use, others for storage, all to be fed to home-bred cattle, grown and fattened in partial confinement."

HORSES.—The demand for hunters is stated in the breeders organs to be satisfactory, and fully up to the usual good requirements of October. High prices are not so common as a good general level of remunerative value. The fashion of the day is to ride blood-hunters, and underbred animals do not sell well. Breeding is valued even more highly than looks. A correspondent says, "Farmers and breeders should observe this, and breed to suit the buyer's taste, or profit will not accrue. A hunter should have a blood-like head and pleasant gazelle-like manners, and he is sure to find a buyer if other parts show no glaring defect. He cannot hunt much without eight inches or more of bone below the knee, and a good hunter stallion has eight and a-half. The hind-leg should tape one inch more than the fore-leg. Then the back should be thick, and the body bulky. Sixteen hands is a nice height to ride or sell."

CIRENCESTER AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE began a new session on Tuesday. The Duke of Richmond is the Honorary President, the Earl of Ducie is Active President, and the Managing Committee include Earl Bathurst, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Colonel Kingscote, Colonel Chester Master, Mr. Story Maskelyne, and Lord Lyttelton. The teaching staff is numerous and distinguished, and the College ought to make rapid headway. Somehow, it does not. For one thing, it is expensive beyond all need, and no ordinary farmer could think of sending his son here any more than to Eton first and Oxford afterwards. Even the well-to-do landowner, if he has several children, has to be careful in days of falling tenants and falling rents. Then, too, the education begins very late. The minimum of age is, we believe, eighteen, and most of the pupils are nineteen to two and three-and-twenty. Could not an agricultural college be united with a liberal education? We believe that boys could begin to learn many useful things in agriculture from fifteen

forwards, and the exuberant activity of the average English lad might with a little cleverness be turned into ways whereby he would be learning to do many things of practical use on a farm. Downton College and the College recently established in East Kent are as select as Cirencester. We do not wish their tone to be lowered, but heavy fees are not the only method, or even the safest, whereby a high standard can be attained and kept up.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—This enterprising Association is extending its good work in the matter of encouraging dairy-farming. On October 16th, a temporary dairy school will be opened at Swindon, under the management of a Special Committee appointed by the Society, assisted by a Local Committee. A suitable building has already been constructed, skilled teachers and requisite dairy utensils and appliances will be provided, and attendance at the dairy school is encouraged by the low scale of fees.

LONDON DAIRY SHOW.—A first glance at the many exhibits in the Agricultural Hall this week produced one general impression—the stock is becoming more and more of a yellow-brown tone. Of course the Guernsey cows, gaining in esteem, increase in numbers, and these are all yellowish. Next in the fine classes of the Jersey cows, these pets of the dairy are mostly wearing a fawn-colour robe when once silver-grey was the fashion. Mr. Blyth's first prize was decidedly yellow-brown. Then the shorthorns, mostly white roans, with red flecks, carry off the general light tone of the Exhibition, which is sustained by the crumbly yellow outsides of the cheese exhibits, with here and there spots of golden butter. Of course Mr. Garrett Taylor's prize red-poll cow, and Mr. Martin Sutton's black Kerry formed exceptions on the ground floor, whilst along the galleries the poultry and pigeon exhibits challenged the sight with all the diverse and multiform colours found in feathers. It may be said of the butter-section upstairs that for taste and beauty it is the finest ever shown in England.

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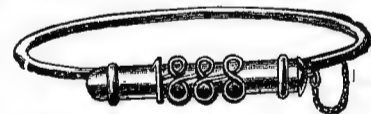
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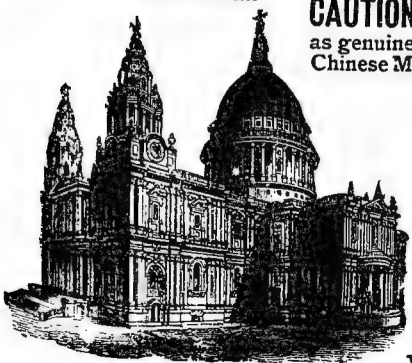
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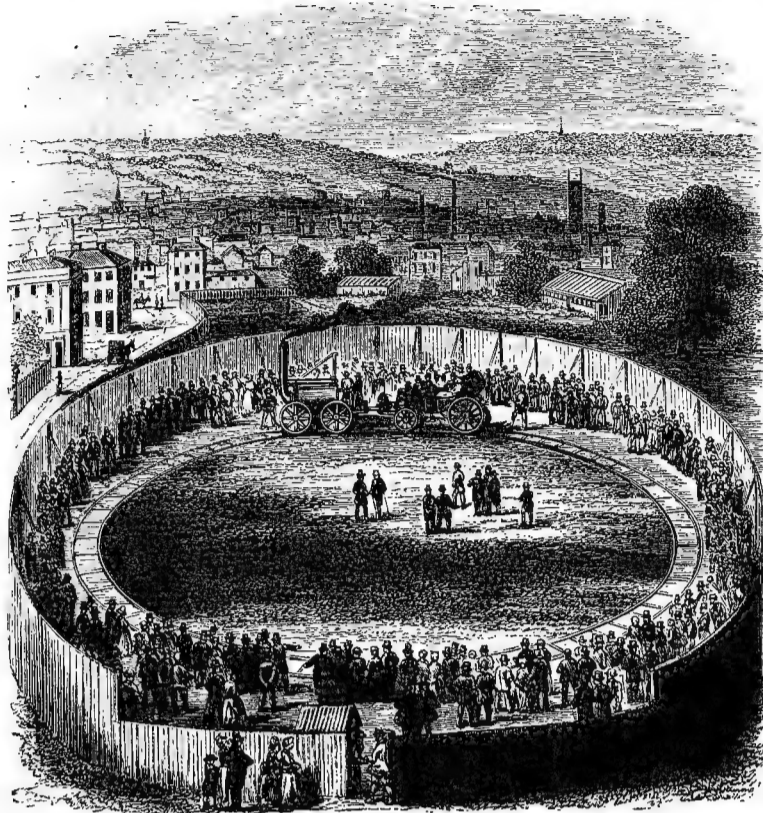
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF RAILWAYS IN ENGLAND

WRITTEN BY F. McDERMOTT



TRIAL OF TREVITHICK'S ENGINE ON A CIRCULAR RAILWAY IN A FIELD NEAR THE NEW ROAD, LONDON, 1808

ALTHOUGH GEORGE STEPHENSON is rightly regarded as the "Father of Railways," for it was he who made the locomotive a practical success for traffic, the idea of a steam engine for traction had been previously worked out by, amongst others, the Cornish miner, Trevithick, who, in 1808, laid down a circular railway in a field adjoining the New Road, now part of Euston Square, where his locomotive drew a carriage at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Hedley's "Puffing Billy," which successfully proved that the weight of the engine alone secured sufficient "bite" on the rails without the appliances which had previously been considered necessary, also forms an important link in the development of the locomotive. The escape of the jets of steam at high pressure caused, however, so much annoyance to the owners of horses in the neighbourhood that the engine had to be stopped whenever a cart or carriage approached, and the working of the traffic was thus seriously interrupted until the manners of "Puffing Billy" were improved by an ingenious arrangement for allowing the steam to escape gradually.

By 1815 George Stephenson had made several important changes in the construction of the locomotive, and the mechanism had, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch, been considerably simplified. His engine, "Locomotion," which was the first to run on the Stockton and Darlington line in 1825, weighed about eight tons, and could make a speed of nearly sixteen miles an hour—or somewhat less than the work of a good bicyclist—the chimney often becoming red-hot in the performance. The Stockton and Darlington line, however, was originally built entirely for mineral traffic, the passenger business being a subsequent development, and it was not until the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line that the vast possibilities opened out in this direction by the iron horse were realised. Even at that time, ideas as to the construction of locomotives varied very considerably, and there were so many different engines in the field that a competition to test the merits of the various systems was arranged. A large stand was erected for the ladies at Rainhill, near Liverpool, and vast crowds assembled to witness the contest. The "course" was a level piece of railroad about two miles in length, and each engine was required to make twenty trips in the course of the day, at an average speed of not less than ten miles an hour. Of the four engines entered for the competition, one could not do more than five or six miles an hour, and was consequently "scratched" at an early stage of the proceedings; two others broke down; and George Stephenson's "Rocket"—which weighed, with its supply of water, only 4½ tons—was thus triumphantly victorious. It had indeed far exceeded the expectations of the public, having drawn a coach with thirty passengers at about thirty miles an hour. This same "Rocket," long after it had been superseded by heavier engines, on one occasion ran four miles in four-and-a-half minutes—a very creditable record for nearly sixty years ago. Important changes in the form of the locomotives were made after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, and by 1838, or just fifty years ago, the locomotive had assumed the shape and main characteristics of its descendants of to-day.

There are still some of us who can well remember scenes like those depicted in our recent "Coaching Days" series, and who can yet recall the incredulity and scorn with which a large section of the public received George Stephenson's expectations that his engines would run twelve or fourteen miles an hour on the Stockton and Darlington line. The country gentlemen thought that the smoke would kill the birds that might happen to pass over the locomotive; the manufacturers expected that the sparks from the engine would set the country, and their goods in particular, on fire; horses would be constantly taking fright, foxes and pheasants would soon be as extinct as the dodo, the breeding of horses would cease, the hurry and excitement would spoil the milk of cows that had to graze near the lines, in whose vicinity vegetation would languish, and the

engines would burst, or the wind, the rain, and the snow would stop them.

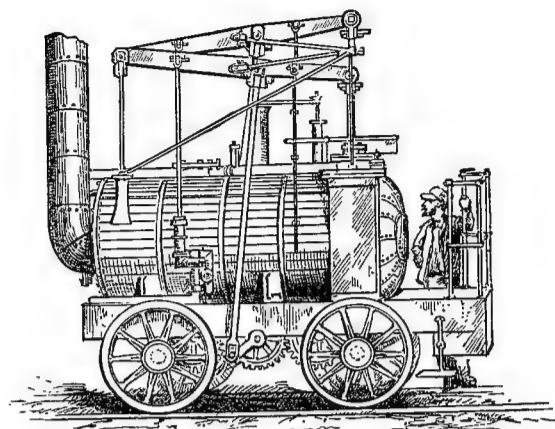
The *Quarterly Review*, referring to a proposal to build a line to Woolwich, said:—"The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or, to speak more plainly, the steam-carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour by means of the high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while they are on shore, that they are not to be scalded to death, nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler, that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying-off or the breaking of a wheel. But, with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum." The Reviewer, indeed, echoed the feelings of the public of 1825, and even the strongest supporters of railways took a very modest view of their future; one of the leaders of the party wished it to be clearly understood that they did not sanction "the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculator who expects to see the engine travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty miles an hour." The Stockton and Darlington line was laid out with the idea that the passengers would be drawn by horses as on our modern tramways, only the minerals and goods being left to the tender mercies of the locomotive. The man on horseback who, until the engine developed a dangerous speed, marched, as shown in the sketch on page 396, in front of the first train on that line, thus typified one of the motive powers to be used.

It is indeed impossible for the present generation to realise the alarm with which the introduction of the locomotive was viewed by a large section of the public.

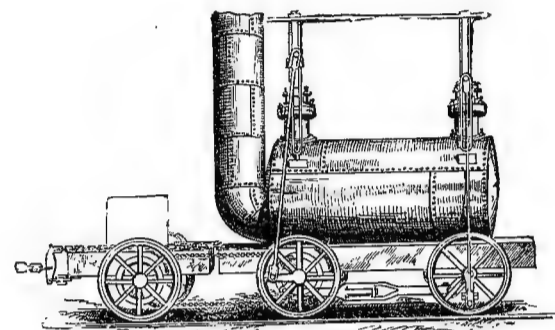
Science was invoked to show the dangers to health from such unnatural performances. Thus, the editor of a semi-scientific journal wrote:—

"It has been gravely talked of lighting tunnels artificially so as to supersede the necessity of daylight. How, or by what means, this is to be done remains a secret. To philosophers and practical men, the hopelessness of approaching the solar by any artificial light is well known.

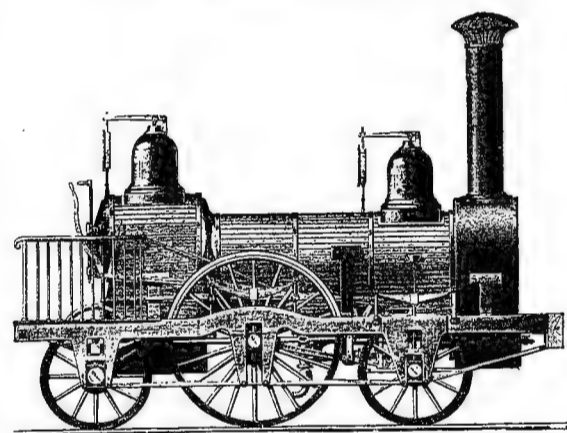
Coarse as our optical nerves are in judging of degrees of light, it would therefore be impossible to have a sudden transition from solar to lunar light without producing the sensation of great darkness. But it is not the transition from light to darkness



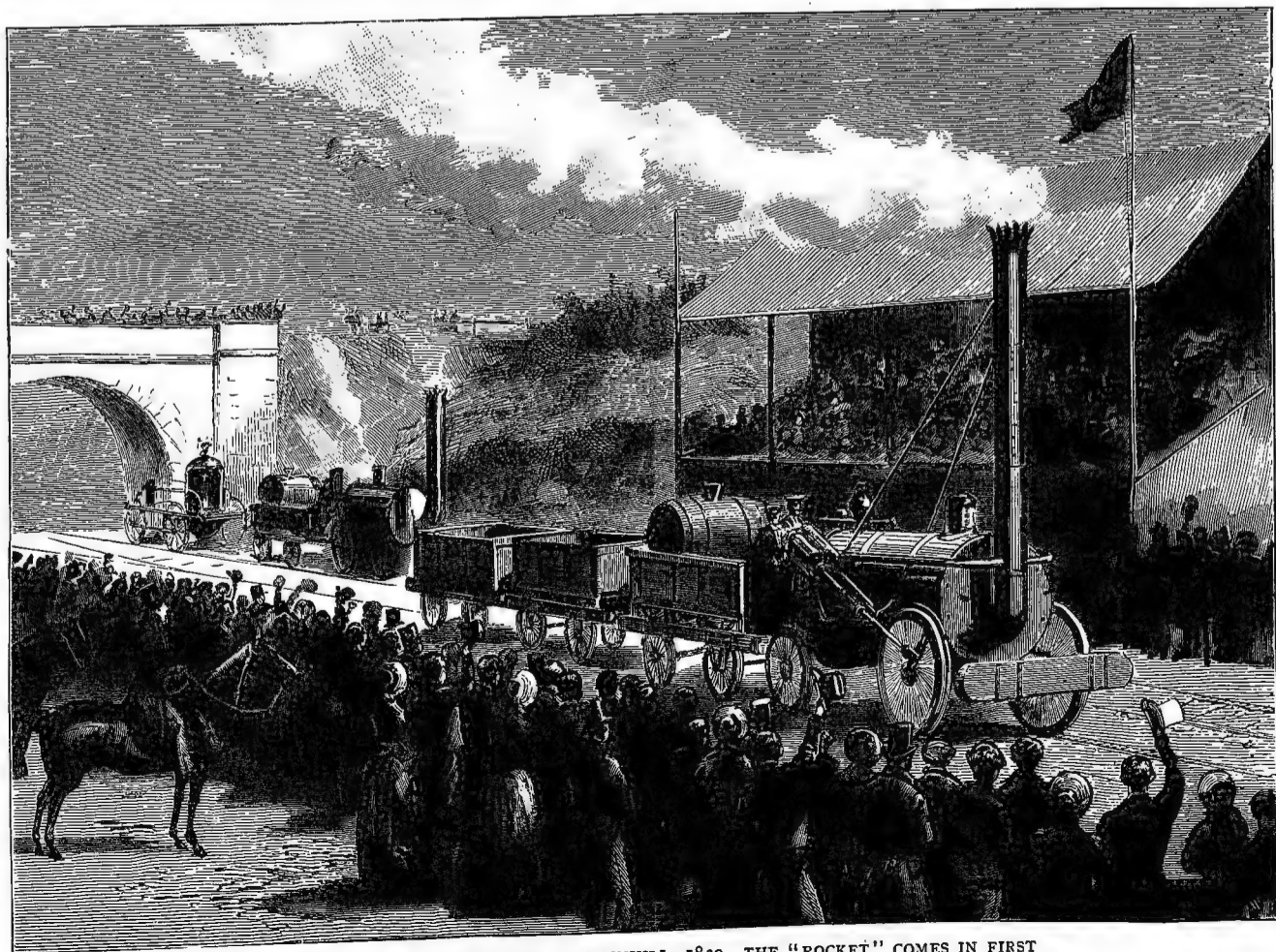
"PUFFING BILLY," 1813



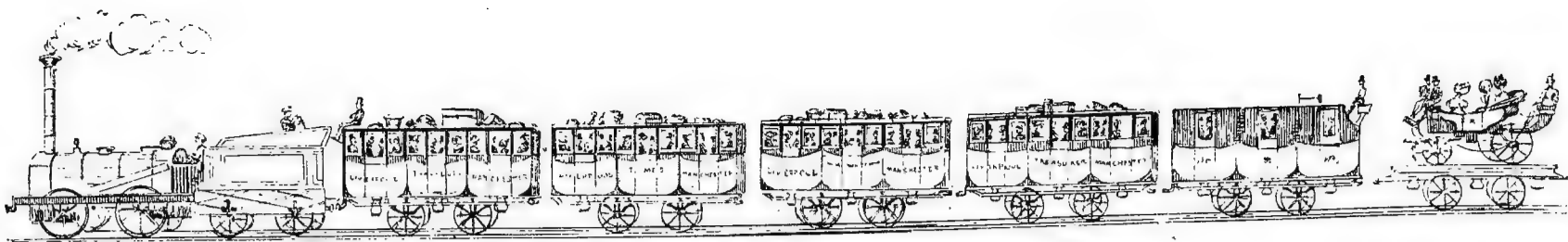
GEORGE STEPHENSON'S ENGINE 1815



ENGINE, BIRMINGHAM AND DERBY JUNCTION RAILWAY, 1838



COMPETITION OF LOCOMOTIVES AT RAINHILL, 1825—THE "ROCKET" COMES IN FIRST



FIRST CLASS TRAIN ON LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY, 1837

which is anything so bad as the contrary—from the intense tenebrosity of a tunnel to the full broad glare of daylight. . . . Let us suppose, from having been shut up within a coach in a tunnel for a few seconds, the pupils of the eyes had attained their utmost distension; and let us for one minute consider, in the state of this unusual distension to nine or ten times their natural size, that a light from 500,000 to probably 1,000,000 times greater than that of a mould candle was all at once to burst upon so delicate an organ! I appeal with confidence to any medical man to answer the question of the effect—particularly if often repeated—on a tender constitution and sight!

Perhaps this neglected warning may throw some light on the steady increase in the use of glasses among the rising generation. There were, however, terrors of a more immediate and striking character associated with these subterranean journeys. One gentleman who had dared "the desperate thing" said the "chill of a two miles' subterranean passage would deter any person of delicate health from ever venturing therein; as he would be by the resounding echo of the rattling wheels, the puffing of a high-pressure engine, and clinking of chains in the utter darkness, or by the dismal glare of lamps, which convey a horror which weak nerves could never endure."

So general, indeed, was the fear of tunnels that a Commission composed of some of the leading physicians of the day was appointed to report on the Primrose Hill tunnel of the London and Birmingham (the present London and North-Western) Railway. Happily these medical travellers did not see such appalling dangers and diseases in such brief sojourns underground as more timid passengers discovered, and they reported that:—

"We found the atmosphere of the tunnel dry, and of an agreeable temperature and free from smell. The lamps of the carriages were lighted, and in our transit inwards and backwards again to the mouth of the tunnel the sensation experienced was precisely that of travelling in a coach by night between the walls of a narrow street. The noise did not prevent easy conversation, nor appear to be much greater in the tunnel than in the open air. We are, in short, decidedly of opinion that the dangers incurred in passing through well-constructed tunnels are no greater than those in ordinary travelling upon an open



STEAM VERSUS HORSES

railway or upon a turnpike road, and that the apprehensions which have been expressed that such tunnels are likely to prove detrimental to the health, or inconvenient to the feelings, of those who may go through them, are perfectly futile and groundless."

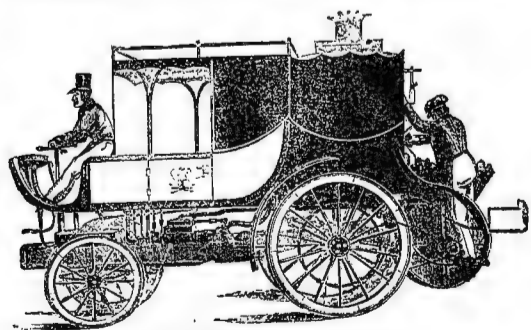
Fortified with such reassurance the public soon came to regard tunnels with less dread, and this obstacle to railway extension was overcome.

In Holland some of the local authorities viewed the new railway craze with such alarm that a notice was issued warning the inhabitants of the frontiers that they would be fined ten florins a head if they ventured to go and witness the opening of a railway in Belgium! Some of this solid and obstructive spirit apparently still lingers in the bureaux of the Dutch railway administrative authorities, if we may judge by the speed and facilities of the present system.

A New York paper foresaw "what would be the effect of the railroad system—it would set all the world a-gadding. Twenty miles an hour! why you will not be able to keep an apprentice-boy at work; every Saturday evening he must make a trip to Ohio to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave, plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Veracious people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirligig. Give me the old, solemn, straightforward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog-and-trot journeys, with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden; it is more primitive and Scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better."

It is, however, all very well for the present generation, who have grown up with railways existing as commonplace facts, and have seen electricity made to light our streets and houses, and enable people to talk to friends hundreds of miles away. But it was very different fifty years ago, when the "iron horse" had

only just been broken in, when an old lady, who had never even heard of a railway, and who had wandered from the limits of her native parish, saw for the first time "a long, black thing, spitting out smoke, and crawling along the ground," and finally, on seeing her, "uttering a loud yell, and rushing into a hole in the ground." This lady's cousin in America had an even more startling tale to tell of her first introduction to the habits of the



MACRONE'S STEAM CARRIAGE

"uncanny thing." By some misfortune, the train in which this good lady was making her first journey ran off the line, and rolled down a high embankment. On recovering her senses, the traveller anxiously looked round to her nearest neighbour in misfortune, and inquired,

"Could you kindly tell me if this is Salem?"

"No, Madam," was the answer, "this is a catastrophe."

"Oh, indeed! then I hadn't order to have got off here."

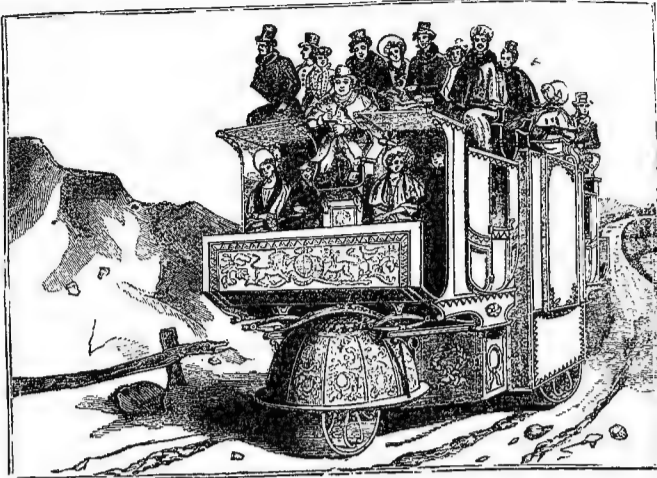
It was a relief to the poor soul to find subsequently that her first experience was not the ordinary mode of stopping of railway trains.

Whilst, however, the general public were opposed to railways, those who realised the possibilities of this application of steam, or overcame their first prejudice and fear, were enthusiastic in their praises of the iron horse.

Thus Fanny Kemble, who was acting in Liverpool at the time of the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1830, and was taken over the road by George Stephenson himself, wrote the following glowing account of her novel experience:—

"A common sheet of paper is enough for love, but a foolscap extra can only contain a railroad and my ecstasies." Having described the starting-point and rough carriages, the fair narrator proceeded:—

"The carriage was set in motion by a mere push, and, having received this impetus, rolled with us down an inclined plane into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad. This tunnel is 400 yards long, I believe, and will be lighted by gas. There is another tunnel parallel with this, only much wider and longer, for it extends from the place we had now reached, and where the steam-carriages start, and which is quite out of Liverpool, the whole way under the town to the docks. This tunnel is for waggons and other heavy carriages; and as the engines which are to draw the trains along the railroad do not enter these tunnels, there is a large building at this entrance which is to be inhabited by steam-engines of a stationary turn of mind, and different constitution from the travelling ones, which are to propel the trains through the tunnels to the terminus in the town without going out of their houses themselves. . . . We were introduced to the little engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty for fifteen miles, the whole machine not bigger than a common fire-engine. She goes upon two wheels, which are her feet, and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons: these are propelled by steam, and in proportion as more steam is applied to the upper extremities (the hip-joints, I suppose) of these pistons, the faster they move the wheels; and when it is desirable to diminish the speed, the steam, which unless suffered to escape would burst the boiler, evaporates through a safety-valve in the air. The reins, bit, and bridle of this wonderful beast is a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs, or pistons, so that a child might manage it. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage, and Mr. Stephenson having taken me on the bench of the engine with him, we started at about ten miles an hour. . . . You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress

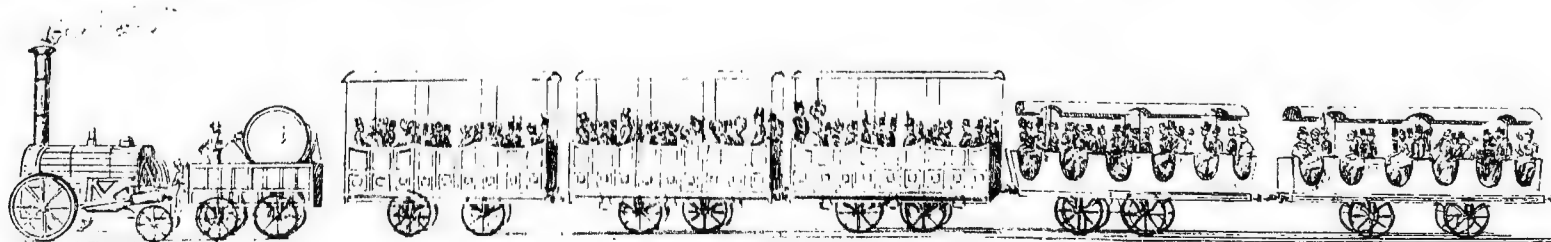


CHURCH'S STEAM CARRIAGE, INTENDED TO RUN BETWEEN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM



THE PERILS OF STEAM-COACHES

other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between rocky walls which are already clothed with moss and ferns and grasses; and when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage thus far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. . . . The engine having received its supply of water, the carriage was placed behind it, and was set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies (for they tried the experiment with a snipe). You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was. When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description; yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect



SECOND CLASS TRAIN ON LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY, 1837

sense of security and not the slightest fear."

The editor of a provincial journal was equally pleased with his trip over the line, and told his readers that:—"Although the whole passage between Liverpool and Manchester is a series of enchantments surpassing any in the Arabian Nights, because they are realities, not fictions, yet there are epochs in the transit which are peculiarly exciting. These are the startings, the ascents, the descents, the tunnels, the Chat Moss, the meetings. At the instant of starting, or rather before, the automaton belches forth an explosion of steam, and seems for a second or two quiescent. But quickly the explosions are reiterated, with shorter and shorter intervals, till they become too rapid to be counted, though still distinct. These belchings or explosions more nearly resemble the pantings of a lion or tiger than any sound that has ever vibrated on my ear. During the ascent they became slower and slower till the automaton actually labours like an animal out of breath, from the tremendous efforts to gain the highest point of elevation. The progression is proportionate, and before the said point is gained, the train is not moving faster than a horse can pace. With the slow motion of the mighty and animated machine, the breathing becomes more laborious, the growl more distinct, till at length the animal appears exhausted, and groans like the tiger when overpowered in combat by the buffalo. The moment that the height is reached and the descent commences the pantings rapidly increase; the engine with its train starts off with augmenting velocity, and in a few seconds it is flying down the declivity like lightning, and with a uniform growl or roar, like a continuous discharge of distant artillery. At this period the whole train is going at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour! The scene was magnificent, I had almost said terrific. Although it was a dead calm, the wind appeared to be blowing a hurricane, such was the velocity with which we darted through the air. Yet all was steady; and there was something in the precision of the machinery that inspired a degree of confidence over fear—of safety over danger. A man may travel from the Pole to the Equator, from the Straits of Malacca to the Isthmus of Darien, and he will see nothing so astonishing as this. The pangs of Etna and Vesuvius excite feelings of horror as well as of terror; the convulsion of the elements during a thunderstorm carries with it nothing of pride much less of pleasure, to counteract the awe inspired by the fearful workings of perturbed Nature; but the scene which is here presented, and which I cannot adequately describe, engenders a proud consciousness of superiority in human ingenuity more intense and convincing than any effort or product of the poet, the painter, the philosopher, or the divine. The projections or transits of the train through the tunnels or arches are very electrifying. The deafening peal of thunder, the sudden immersion in gloom, and the clash of reverberated sounds in confined space combine to produce a momentary shudder or idea of destruction—a thrill of annihilation."

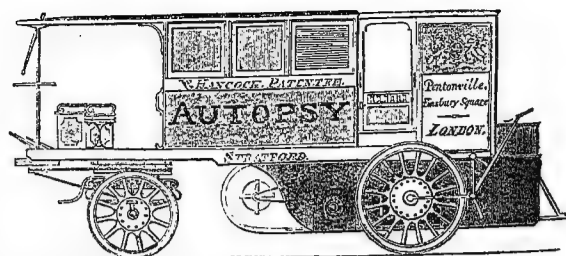
The success of the Liverpool and Manchester line brought forward many inventions which were to give even greater results than the locomotive. At the London Tavern, for instance, was to be seen for some days a model of an invention, the motive power for which was "the rocket." By this ingenious system, "The waggons, instead of being drawn forward as they are by the ordinary steam apparatus, are placed before the propelling power. The wagon or engine containing the rocket is placed at some distance behind the waggons or carriages for the conveyance of merchandise or passengers, but connected with them by two bars of iron which may be made of any length, and thus place the passengers at such a distance from the rocket as to preclude all possibility of danger. By means of the rocket, which has hitherto been only employed in the service of gunnery, a much greater power is derived than from steam, and the projector imagines that a speed of a hundred miles an hour may be obtained from it, without any fuel, or any of the inconveniences occasioned by steam. The projector is very sanguine in his opinions relative to the practicability of applying this power to railways, and the exhibition appears to give very great satisfaction to the scientific and other persons who have visited it."

There is a delightful simplicity about this invention thus gravely recorded by one of our oldest daily contemporaries. Why, the switchback railway and tobogganing are not to be mentioned in the same breath with it! There would, indeed, be some pleasure in railway travelling on this system—the feeling of the passengers as they sat waiting for the rocket to go off would alone make up for any hitch which might subsequently occur.

Then, again, steam was to take the place of horses on our roadways. Coaches, carriages, and carts were to be propelled by the iron horse, and to the prophetic eye, the "Autopsy" was the type of the means of transit of the future, so far as passengers were concerned. The proprietors of coaches tried to set their minds at rest by warning the public of the awful dangers of sitting on the top of a boiler which might at any moment explode, with results suggested in sketches, of one of which our engraving is a faithful reproduction.

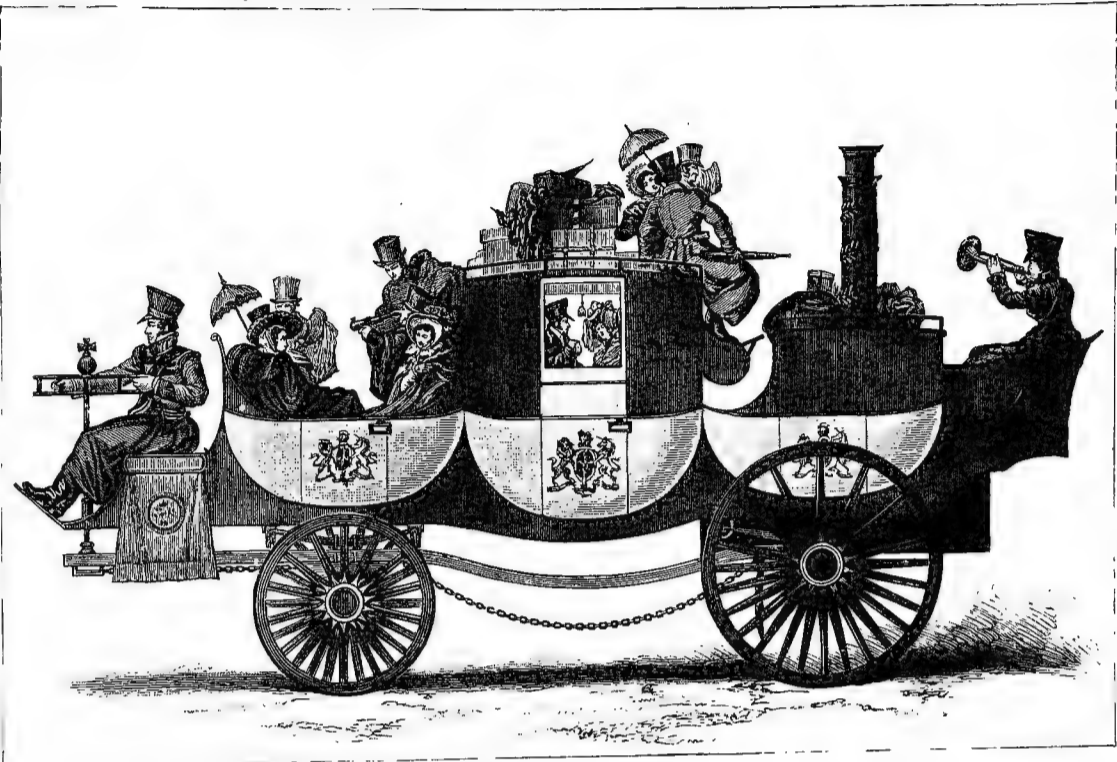
Whilst the really practical men were developing the railroad, a host of minor geniuses were in fact directing their attention to steam-carriages to run on the ordinary roads. Here is one built by Dr. Church, with wheels six inches broad, and

the central ones eight inches in diameter. A company was formed to run this coach between London and Birmingham and other parts. Others were built in a much lighter style; the broad wheels were thus dispensed with, and considerable success was attained. The "Autopsy," for instance, made the trip to Brighton and back, and for some little time ran daily between Finsbury Square and Pentonville. Sir Charles Dance had three steam-carriages running for hire between Cheltenham and Gloucester, and another at Greenwich; and Colonel Macirone's coach ran twice from

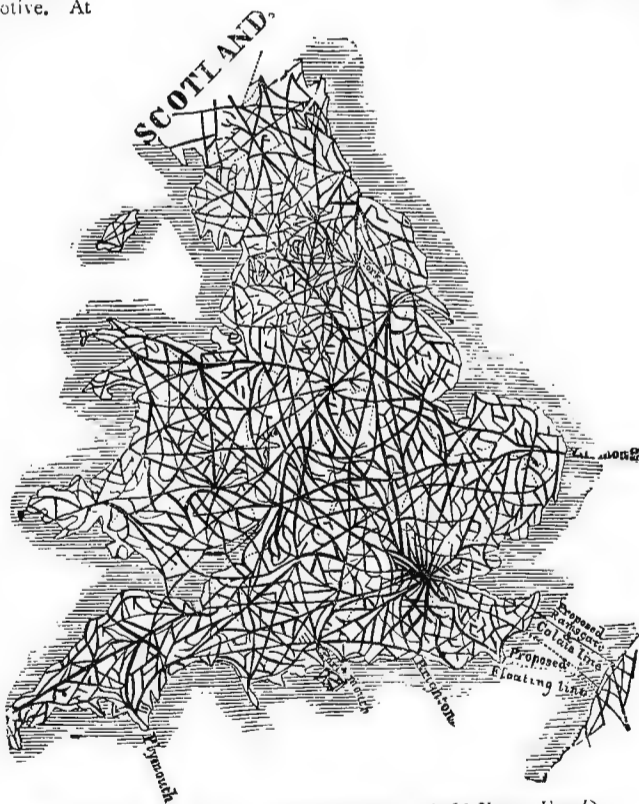


THE "AUTOPSY," A STEAM-CARRIAGE FOR ROAD TRAVELLING
London to Harrow successfully, overcoming the difficulties of the hill.

There were also many other remarkable performances which are on record. One was reported to have done the journey between London and Southampton, in some places, "at the rate of thirty-two to thirty-five miles an hour," the owner claiming that he could easily maintain an average of ten miles an hour. The actual results obtained often differed, however, very considerably from those reported to have been secured. Thus, whilst the public received a very glowing account of the



JAMES'S STEAM CARRIAGE



PROPHETIC RAILWAY MAP OF ENGLAND, 1846 (From Punch)

journey of one of these uncouth monsters, a private letter from a "village blacksmith," through whose district the coach passed, gives the following depressing account of the performance.

He writes under date, Hurley, December 4th, 1832. "We were apprised at mid-day, yesterday, that, a steam-coach was on its way to pass by our house. Of course we were all on the look-out. For my part, I thought it the greatest treat I could have. When, lo! at about half-past two o'clock, a great, unwieldy monster arrived, in a most terribly crippled state, and stopped at our shop to be repaired. They brought their own mechanics with them, so that I had no trouble with it. When done, they made a very bungling set out—stopping every twenty yards. I never was so disappointed in my life. They entirely emptied our well in filling their boiler, and we had forty men in the shop to witness the proceeding. As to the men, they were as black as devils; I should think the Londoners would quite laugh at them. If this be a specimen of steam-coaches, I have quite done with them. They only came from Dorchester, and I believe reached Salthill, about twenty-eight miles, from morning to dark night, which I should have thought ought to have been done at two hours at furthest." Apart from the ordinary difficulties to be overcome, the drivers of steam-carriages had also to face the obstacles placed in their road by hostile landowners or coach proprietors. In some parts tolls of 2s. were charged for a steam-carriage, whilst a four-horse stage-coach was let off with only 2s., and this not proving sufficient to drive the obnoxious engine off the road, a layer of loose gravel, a foot in depth, was laid down. Remembering the intense annoyance which traction-engines now cause in agricultural districts, it is a matter for congratulation that this steam-carriage craze soon died out without having obtained any hold on public favour.

In designing the carriages for the early railways, the coach was the type naturally selected, and on some out-of-the-way branches old stock can still be seen built on these lines. In many cases each carriage had a distinct name, and a story is told of the consternation of the officials on a Northern railway, who found that they had unintentionally placed the "Waterloo" carriage at the disposal of a French general during his visit to



"KING HUDSON'S LEVÉE" (From Punch)

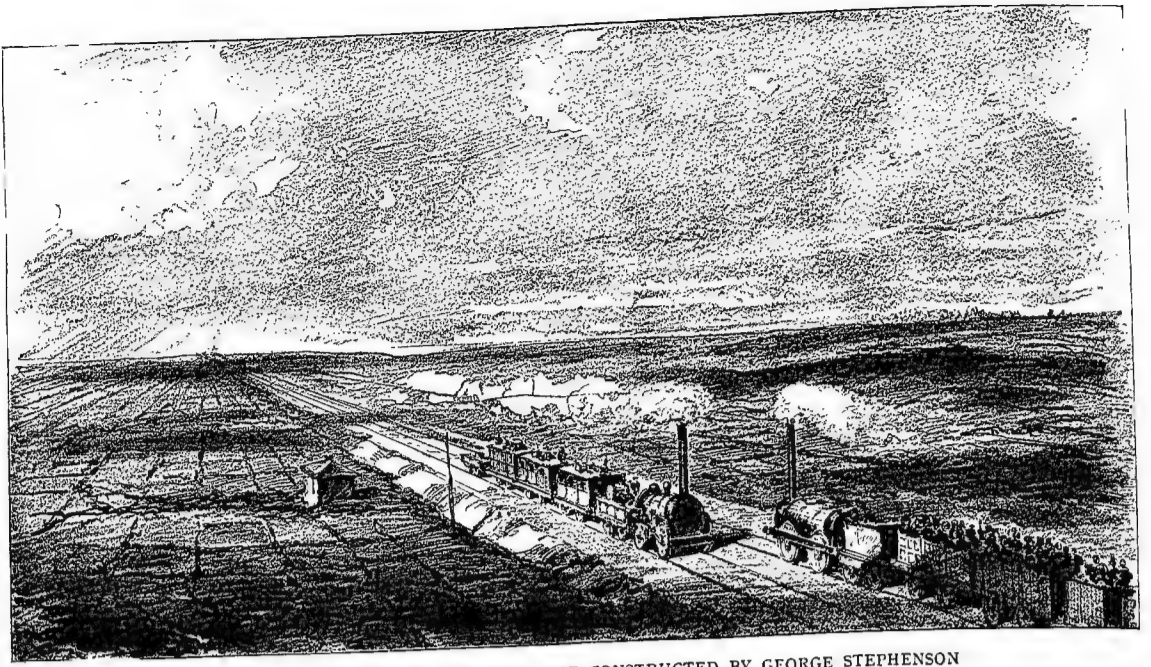


THE CYCLOPEDE, FOR UTILISING HORSE POWER

the district. The second-class carriages, subsequently introduced, were, in regard to comfort, but little better than the thirds. They were open throughout at the sides. There was no glazing, and the partitions above the level of the doors, dividing the carriage into six compartments, each made to seat twelve persons, were formed of laths interlaced, and admitting free currents of wind. The clear length of each narrow-gauge compartment was only 8 feet 7½ inches, and the width 4 feet 4½ inches, each seat being 15 inches in width. Stout passengers had some difficulty in squeezing through the doors, which were only 18 inches wide. The first glazed and enclosed second-class carriage that ran upon a railway was attached to the first express train that ran between London and Exeter, when the journey was made in five hours. In those days the passengers for the various intermediate stations were put into separate compartments, and the doors locked. This locking of doors was strongly objected to, and Sydney Smith wrote some scathing letters to the *Morning Chronicle* on the subject. In one of these he protests that the companies would never give up the pernicious habit until it had caused the death of a Bishop, "even Sodor and Man will do."

The guards, who were often dressed in scarlet like the old coach-guards, were perched up in seats at the front and back of the trains, and the passenger's luggage was placed on the roof of the carriage in which he had taken his seat. The directions for passengers on the time bills of those days read, indeed, quaintly. For instance, "Passengers intending to join the trains at any of the stopping places are desired to be in good time, as the train will leave each station as soon as ready, without reference to the time stated in the tables, the main object being to perform the whole journey as expeditiously as possible. Passengers will be booked only conditionally upon there being room on the arrival of the trains, and they will have the preference of seats in the order in which they are booked. Each passenger's ticket is numbered to correspond with the seat taken. All persons are requested to enter and alight from the coaches *invariably on the left side*, as the only certain means of preventing accidents from trains passing in an opposite direction." The fortunate proprietors of carriages could for an additional fare enjoy the privilege of riding in them with coachman and footman on the box. The welfare of servants was further provided for under a regulation which stated that "The first compartment of the leading carriage in first-class trains is reserved for men-servants, and the second for women-servants, in attendance on their employers, at second-class fares."

When once the immense advantages and capabilities of railways were fully realised the public, as every one knows, rushed from extreme distrust to the wildest confidence. Not only were railways to bring universal peace and happiness, but they were to make every one's fortune. Every one



CHAT MOSS, SHOWING THE FAMOUS LINE CONSTRUCTED BY GEORGE STEPHENSON

His receptions were attended by the nobility and leaders of fashion, and his interest was as eagerly sought as that of a Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor.

His manners were genial, but his comparative lack of education often placed him at a disadvantage in this exalted society, and many stories were told at his expense.

On one occasion, after dinner had been kept waiting some time, he explained to the hungry guests that he was waiting for a Mr. —, and added, "he is my wife's *prima donna*," at which a titter went round.

"Don't mind George," said Mrs. Hudson to a gentleman near her, "he doesn't understand Latin."

On the preceding page Mr. Punch's artist gives a sketch of one of "King Hudson's Levées."

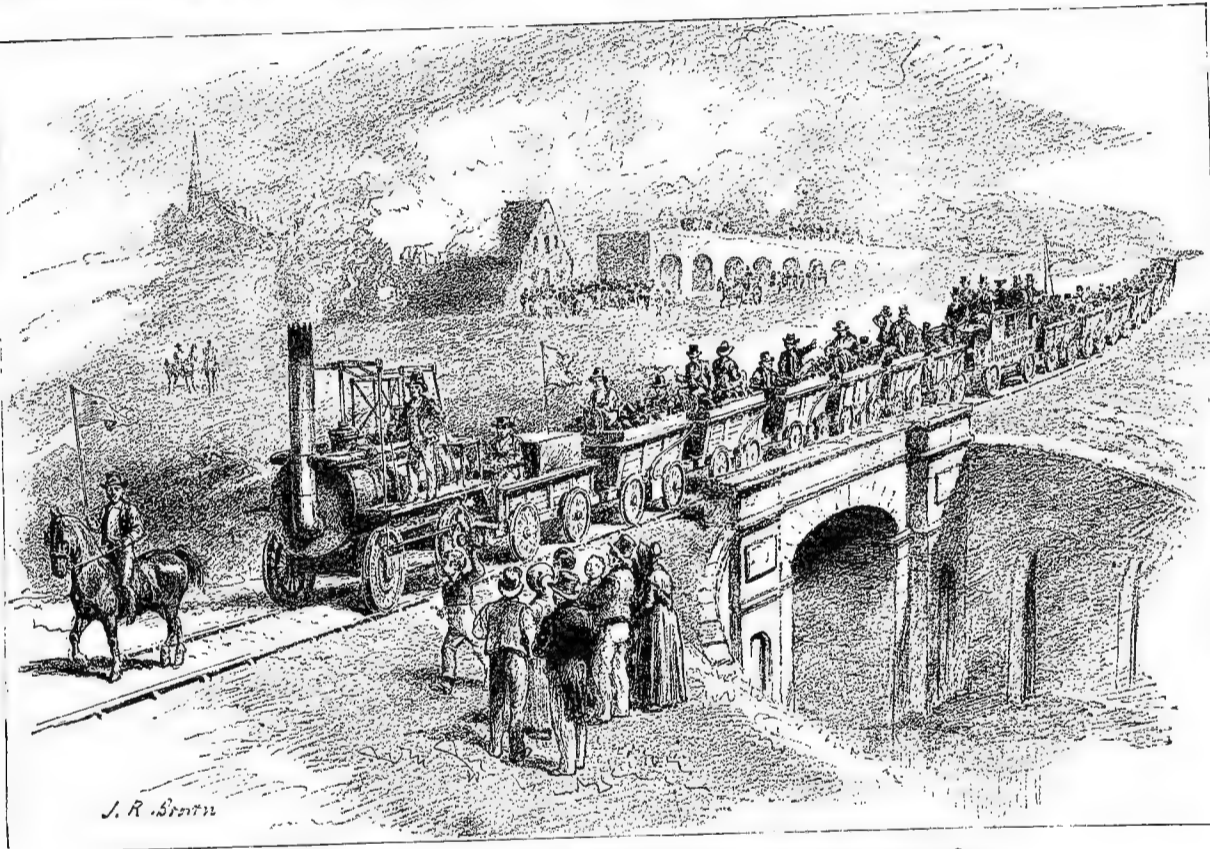
With such dazzling success and enormous power, it is not surprising that George Hudson's head was almost "turned," and that in the rush and hurry of his vast work he did things of a questionable nature. When, however, the panic came, the public could make no allowances, and he was then as bitterly assailed as he had a few months before been flattered. Time has, however, softened the harsh judgments passed in those days of loss and panic, and Sir Frederick Pollock, in his recent "Remembrances," says, "Hudson was more sinned against than sinning, and he bore himself, on the whole, fairly well among the temptations of an unprecedented kind which surrounded him." Speaking in the House of Commons a few weeks back, Mr. Gladstone also bore similar testimony to the harshness of the judgment passed on the fallen "Railway King."

Amongst other curious inventions which arose out of the success of the locomotive may be mentioned a contrivance called the cyclopede, for utilising horse-power in the manner indicated on the preceding page. It is certainly not suggestive of a very rapid or entertaining form of locomotion. Balloons were also to be harnessed to the trains instead of locomotives.

In this short sketch of the "Early Days of Railways" we have dealt with social, rather than engineering, features, but our engraving of Chat Moss, copied from a rare print published shortly after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, suggests the indomitable pluck and perseverance of Stephenson and other pioneers of railway enterprise, in overcoming difficulties regarded as insurmountable by the public. The construction of a railway across Chat Moss—which Dr. Smiles, in his interesting "Life of George Stephenson," describes as "a vast mass of spongy vegetable pulp"—was certainly a feat of which not only engineers and railway-men, but the entire nation may be proud. This "Moss" was of so treacherous a character, that it was impossible to build a railroad across it on ordinary principles, and the scheme would have been abandoned but for Stephenson's idea of floating the line on its surface. This plan succeeded perfectly and the section of line across Chat Moss affords some of the easiest running in the country.

In the above sketches, we have shown what sort of accommodation railway travellers had to put up with fifty years ago—with the comforts and luxuries of most modern carriages our readers are familiar. In America, where the journeys are so much longer than in this country, even greater luxuries are demanded, and some of

the great railway magnates have private cars fitted up in the most extravagant manner. The Great Western Company have, however, built a Royal carriage which can challenge comparison the world over. Our artist gives a glimpse of its interior, but the sketch cannot, of course, convey a fair idea of the delicate colouring and design, which are worthy of the high duties the carriage has to perform.



OPENING OF THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1825

was infected with the mania, and all who could scrape together sufficient savings invested in one or other of the innumerable "Grand Junction" or "Direct Line" schemes which were brought forward.

Pages could be filled with the events of this extraordinary period, but no better idea can be formed of the extent and character of the mania of 1845-6 than from a study of the pictures in the volumes of the period of the greatest of modern historians—Mr. Punch.

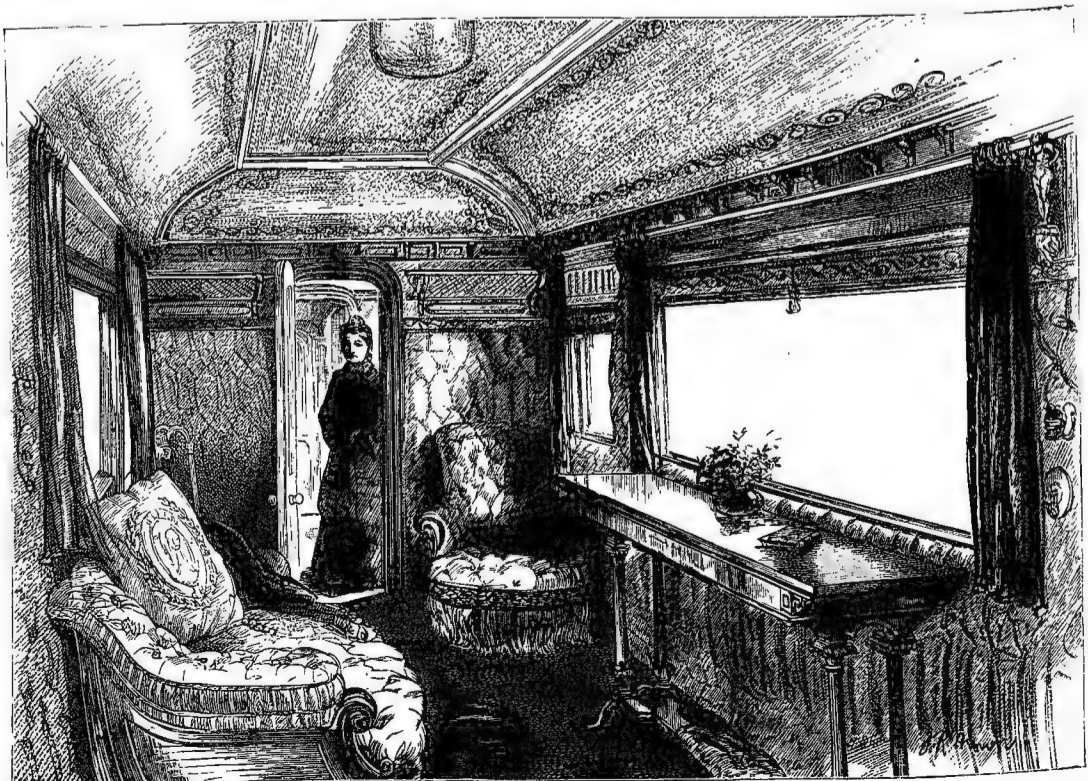
On page 395, for example, is his prophecy in 1846 of what a railway map of England would be like "in another year or two." Had he written in 1888 the prophecy would have been about fulfilled by this year's map in "Bradshaw."

Referring to this map Mr. Punch said:—"We are not among those who like going on with the March of Intellect at the old jog-trot pace, for we rather prefer running on before to loitering by the side, and we have consequently taken a few strides in advance with geography, by furnishing a Map of England as it will be in another year or two. Our country will, of course, never be in chains, for there would be such a general bubbling up of heart's blood and such a bounding of British bosoms as would effectually prevent that; but though England will never be in chains, she will pretty soon be in irons, as a glance at the new railway prospectuses will testify. It is boasted that the spread of railways will shorten the time and labour of travelling; but we shall soon be unable to go anywhere without crossing the line—which once used to be considered a very formidable undertaking. We can only say that we ought to be going on very smoothly, considering that our country is being regularly ironed from one end of it to the other."

The centre of all this vast speculation was George Hudson, the "Railway King," who for a brief period was the most popular and prominent personage in England, and a few years later the most hated and abused. He began life as a linendraper in York, but was lucky enough to acquire the friendship of an old man in that city, who, neglecting his kindred, bequeathed his money to Hudson.

Freed from the anxieties of trade, he became a violent politician, took an active part in municipal affairs, and was twice Lord Mayor of York.

Whilst holding that office he gave splendid entertainments, and gathered round him peers, baronets, and squires. In 1836 he became interested in the York and North Midland Railway, was appointed Chairman, and allied himself to George Stephenson in his coal-mine ventures. From that time he devoted himself to railway work, and by his zeal and energy secured the utmost confidence not only of those interested in the Companies with which he was connected, but ultimately of the public at large. If it was known that George Hudson was connected with a new line the shares were instantly applied for many times over, and large sums were often paid for the mere chance of an allotment.



THE QUEEN'S SALOON CARRIAGE IN A TRAIN OF TO-DAY



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"And what do *you* say to my news, Miss Cheffington?"

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXV.

THEODORE BRANSBY at first indignantly repudiated Valli's scandals about Captain Cheffington. He was quite unprepared for them, having, it may be remembered, heard nothing of Miss Piper's story, told at the dinner-party in his father's house; and having, moreover, loftily snubbed every one in Oldchester who ventured to hint anything to the disparagement of his distinguished friend. What could Oldchester know about such persons as the Cheffingtons?

But general testimony and public opinion were too strong for him, and he was forced to give up his distinguished friend. He fell back on mysterious hints of sympathy and intimacy with "the family," and allusions to what "poor dear Lucius" had said to him on the last occasion of their dining together at Mrs. Dormer-Smith's.

In his heart, Theodore was deeply annoyed. He considered that Captain Cheffington (supposing report to speak truly) had not only derogated from his proper place in the world, but had, in some sense, personally injured him (Theodore) by forming a connection so far beneath him. Nevertheless, it was very possible that Captain Cheffington might some day come to be Viscount Castlecombe, and much would be forgiven to a wealthy peer of the realm. Theodore was conscious that he himself could forgive much to such a one. He was not prone to indulge in idle fancies, yet he caught himself once or twice writing on a corner of his blotting-pad the words

"Hon. Mrs. Theodore Bransby," with pensive sentiment. But let her father's fate and fortunes be what they might, Theodore felt that he must still desire to marry May Cheffington. The recognition of this feeling in himself gave him an agreeable sense of his own elevation of soul. That fellow Rivers talked a vast deal of flashy nonsense, which dazzled people. But it was possible to take a serious and sensible view of life without being commonplace. Theodore did not by any means wish to be, or to be thought, commonplace.

He had just been called to the Bar, and ought by this time to have begun his professional career on the Midland Circuit. But he lingered in Oldchester on the plea of delicate health. It was not so much the presence of May Cheffington as that of Owen Rivers, which chained him there. If Rivers would but have left Oldchester, Theodore would have turned his back on it also with small reluctance. The dull, vague jealousy of Rivers, which he began to feel long ago, had become acute. Rivers would have been a distasteful personage to him under any circumstances; but, viewed as a rival, he inspired something like loathing. And yet the desire to watch him—not to lose sight of him as long as May should be in Oldchester—was irresistible. Theodore had never come so near to quarrelling with his stepmother as on the subject of Owen Rivers. But he had failed in causing the latter to be excluded, or even coldly received, by Mrs. Bransby.

There was a painful scene one day at luncheon, when Martin,

Mrs. Bransby's eldest boy, vehemently took up the cudgels in defence of his absent friend, Owen, of whom Theodore had been speaking with sneering contempt. Martin was ordered away from the table for being impertinent to his half-brother. But general sympathy was with the culprit. And Mr. Bransby said when the boy had left the room, "Of course, it would not do to allow Martin to be saucy. But you are too hard upon Rivers, Theodore. He may have his faults; but, if he be idle, he is not self-indulgent. Rivers has a Spartan disdain of personal luxuries; and although he doesn't work, no one suffers by that but himself. He is incapable of a mean thought, has a most noble truthfulness of nature, and is a gentleman to the core."

Theodore turned deadly white, and answered, "I am sorry not to be able to agree with you, sir. To be a lounging hanger-on, as Rivers is, at the Hadlows, is not compatible with my conception of a gentleman."

He rose as he spoke, and left the room, so as to cut off any possibility of a reply.

Mrs. Bransby had sat by with downcast eyes, parted lips, and beating heart. She was divided between delight at hearing her husband assert his own opinion against Theodore and her constitutional timidity and dread of a quarrel. When Theodore was gone, she put her hand on her husband's shoulder, and said, "It is like you, dear Martin, to stand up for the absent. We are all—the children and I—so fond of young Rivers."

"I hate priggishness, and I hate spitefulness," rejoined Martin Bransby, with a sparkle in his fine dark eyes.

The old man's face had flushed when he uttered his protest. It was an unusual outburst; for of late—whether from failing health, or from whatever cause—Mr. Bransby had more and more shrunk from opposing or contradicting Theodore. He seemed almost timidly anxious to conciliate him; and was evidently distressed by any symptom of ill-will between his eldest son and the rest of the family. After a while the flush died from his cheek, and the fire from his eye. He sat with bowed head, softly caressing the white jewelled hand which had slid down from his shoulder. Presently he said,

"Don't let us cherish feuds, or blow up resentment, Louie. If there are subjects on which Theodore thinks differently from you—and me; and me, too, my dear—let us avoid them. He has his good points, though he has his weak ones—as we all have. Let us spare them. Theodore may be very helpful to the boys when I am gone. And I have it very much at heart that there should be peace and goodwill between them."

In Theodore's mind, however, the little incident rankled. He was silent about it. But that was no indication that he had either forgiven or forgotten it.

He was also annoyed and disappointed at seeing May Cheffington so seldom during this sojourn at home. He had formerly met her constantly at College Quad. But he could not now frequent Canon Hadlow's house as he had done in old days, even had he wished it. And although it appeared that Mrs. Bransby had struck up a great friendship with May during his absence, May's visits to her were now very brief and rare. Theodore half-suspected that his stepmother perversely stinted her invitations to the girl, for the express purpose of vexing him. And at length he plainly asked her how it was that Miss Cheffington came to their house so seldom. Mrs. Bransby was tempted to give him her real opinion as to the reason. But she refrained. She would not vex Martin by saying sharp things to him. So she answered vaguely that Miss Cheffington now passed a good deal of her time at Garnet Lodge with her friend, Clara Bertram.

"Excuse me," said Theodore, tilting up his chair, and looking down as from the summit of Mont Blanc upon his stepmother. "The Dormer-Smiths were very kind to that little Bertram girl in town; and Mrs. Dormer-Smith launched her in some of the best houses. But—you will pardon me for setting you right—she is not quite on such a footing as to be a friend of Miss Cheffington's."

However, he acted on the hint thus accidentally given, and began to honour the Misses Piper with frequent visits.

The good-natured old maids received him very kindly. But it may be doubted whether he were particularly welcome to any of the persons who had taken the habit of dropping in nearly every evening at Garnet Lodge.

Major Mitton and Dr. Hatch were old *habitués*; but the circle now included some new ones. Mr. Bragg was often there. (Theodore considered it a striking proof of the incurable commonness of Mr. Bragg's tastes—already illustrated, to Theodore's apprehension, by a memorable instance—that he, to whom some of the best county society was accessible, and who had even been invited to Glegowrie, should prefer the middle-class sitting-room, and the middle-class gossip, of Polly and Patty Piper.) There was, too, the inevitable Owen Rivers. And occasionally Mr. Sweeting and Cleveland Turner would drive over from the country-house which the former had hired in the neighbourhood. Miss Bertram's visit was prolonged; in Theodore's opinion very unduly. It might be all very well to invite her for professional purposes; but, once the musical party was over, it was absurd to keep the girl as a visitor in the house. Altogether, there was much that Theodore disapproved of at Garnet Lodge. But, as he told himself, he went there for a purpose totally disconnected with its owners. And if he did some violence to his social principles by condescending to frequent such an undistinguished and *bourgeois* set of people, he was resolved to make amends by totally dropping their acquaintance in the—not distant—future.

As to May, although he genuinely believed that the Dormer-Smiths had influenced her against him, he was not so foolish as to think that she had been coerced, or that she was at all in love with him. Nevertheless, a vast deal might depend on the influence of those around her, in the case of a girl so young, so fresh-hearted, and so inexperienced. He had faith in his own perseverance and constancy. The main point—the only vital point—was to prevent any rival from succeeding. So long as May was free he had good hope. It was quite certain that the Cheffington family would never sanction her marrying Owen Rivers. That must be taken as absolutely sure. And, indeed, Miss Cheffington herself would probably scout the idea. But with regard to what Rivers hoped and intended Theodore could not be mistaken. There, at least, he was clear-sighted. It was disgraceful on the part of a fellow like Rivers, subsisting in idleness on a beggarly pittance, and without prospects for the future, or advantages in the present, to aspire to such a girl as May Cheffington. Of course, Rivers knew very well that it would be a good speculation. May might prove to be the sole heiress of a rich nobleman. At any rate, she would certainly inherit her grandmother's money. Mrs. Dobbs's savings, however paltry, would be a sufficient bait for Rivers, who had none of that ambition for fine tailoring, upholstery, and the paraphernalia of fashionable life which becomes a gentleman. Jealousy apart, perhaps that which made Owen peculiarly offensive to him was to see a man at once so poor, so contented, and so free from any misgivings as to his right to be generally respected.

On his side, it must be owned that Owen wasted no cordiality on Theodore. To see May speaking civilly to that correctly-dressed and dignified young man caused Mr. Rivers a certain irritation which occasionally manifested itself in the most unreasonable ill-humour towards her.

"I really believe you like his empty arrogance," he said to her once. "Why else you should sit and listen to him with that complacent air, I cannot conceive."

"Oh, I enjoy it of all things," answered May mischievously; "otherwise I should, of course, cut him short by remarking, in a loud voice, and with a ferocious glare, 'Mr. Bransby, I look upon you as a tedious prig.' How delightful social intercourse would become if we had all reached that fine point of sincerity!"

But there were other causes of dislike between the young men, unconnected with May Cheffington. Owen felt not only admiration, but regard, for Mrs. Bransby, and resented her stepson's demeanour towards her, while Theodore was embittered by hearing Owen's praises in his own family.

The perception of this lurking enmity between them made May anxious to smoothe asperities and prevent a rupture. In her heart, although she admitted he had done nothing to startle or offend her of late, she intensely disliked Theodore Bransby; yet she found herself in the position of taking his part against Owen. Owen was too absolute, too inflexible, too implacable, she said. After all, Theodore had always conducted himself irreproachably. He might not be agreeable to *them* (May had innocently come to join herself with Owen in this kind of partnership in sentiment), but probably *they* were not always agreeable to other people; they ought to be tolerant if they wished to be tolerated—and the like sage reflections. All which pretty lectures, though they made Owen no whit less obdurate towards Theodore, melted his heart into ever softer tenderness for May.

She had not gone to Glegowrie. The reprieve he had allowed himself, after which she was to depart, and he must steel himself to

endure her absence for—probably—the remainder of his life, had expired. But May was still there. And there, too, was he. He was free to go away at any moment. But he lingered. He began to suffer sharp pangs of regret when he thought of the lost opportunities which lay behind him; for now sometimes it seemed to him as if this sweet, pure girl might come to love him. And what had he to offer her? How could he ask her to share such a life as his? Owen had held certain uncompromising theories: such as that a woman who hesitated to partake poverty with the man she professed to love was not worth winning; and that a man must be but a poor creature who should weigh a woman's fortune against himself, and fear to woo a well-dowered girl lest he might be thought to love her money bags and not her. And he had long ago decided that with his marriage, at least (supposing that unlikely event ever to take place), considerations of money should have nothing to do, on either side. But theories—even true theories—are apt to find themselves a little out of breath when suddenly confronted with the fact.

The advice so vigorously given by Mrs. Dobbs to do some honest work, if it were but breaking stones upon the road, took a new significance when he thought of May. That on this point May agreed with her grandmother's view he had ascertained; although a shy consciousness restrained her from urging him to change his course of life. He began to cast about in his mind for some possible employment; but he found, as so many others had found before him, how difficult it is to turn "general acquirements" into a definite channel.

A chance word of Mr. Bragg's at length suddenly suggested a hope to him.

Mr. Bragg mentioned one evening at Garnet Lodge that he proposed making a journey into Spain, partly on matters connected with his son's business; and said that he should like to find some trustworthy person to accompany him as secretary and interpreter.

"I don't speak any foreign language myself," said Mr. Bragg. "Of course, there's always somebody that knows English; and pounds sterling are a pretty universal language, I find, and make themselves understood everywhere. But still, you're at a disadvantage with people who can talk your tongue while you can't talk theirs."

"But you could send somebody, couldn't you?" suggested Miss Patty. "Spain, I've heard, is such a horrid country."

"Horrid!" cried Major Mitton indignantly. (He was strong in recollections of sundry youthful escapades and excursions from "Gib.") "Most delightful country! Most picturesque, poetical, and—"

"Oh, yes; but I meant the cooking," explained Miss Patty.

Mr. Bragg, however, valorously declared himself ready to face the perils of Spanish cookery. His son was not satisfied with his correspondent at Barcelona. Mr. Bragg wanted change of air; and since he had given up the idea of visiting the Highlands this autumn, he would take this opportunity of seeing foreign parts, and at the same time looking into matters at Barcelona for his son.

Owen's heart beat as the thought occurred to him of offering himself to Mr. Bragg as secretary for this journey. He hurried after Mr. Bragg when the latter's carriage was announced, and stopped him in the hall to ask when and where he could have a private interview with him. Mr. Bragg answered in his slow, ruminating way, as he took his coat from the servant,

"An interview with me? Oh, well, why not come over to lunch? My house ain't beyond a pleasant walk for your young legs."

"No, thank you; I won't come to luncheon. But I want an appointment—I shall not take up much of your time—on business."

"Oh, on business, is it?" said Mr. Bragg. It was curious to note how evidently the sound of the word made him bring his mind to bear on what was being said to him, with a new and keener attention. "On business! It's nothing you could write, I suppose?"

"Yes; I could write it. Shall I?"

"I think it would be the best plan, if you don't mind. You see I find, in a general way, that talk—what you might call, branches out so. Now a letter limits a man. I don't mean this for your particular case, you know, but speaking in a general way. Perhaps, if we find afterwards that there is anything to talk over, you might look me up at my offices in Friar's Row. It'll be easier to settle all that when I know what the business is. Good-night. My respects to your aunt."

Owen hastened to his lodgings, and set himself at once to compose a letter to Mr. Bragg. Seeing that it was then past eleven o'clock at night, and that Mr. Bragg had set out for his country-house, it was scarcely probable that he should have found a secretary between that hour and the following morning. But Owen felt as if every moment's delay might be fatal. Oldchester persons, who had seen him lounging on Canon Hadlow's lawn, and merely knew him as a young man fond of smoking, and reading, and such unprofitable employments, would have been amazed at the impetuous energy he threw into the writing of this letter. But the same weight of character which gives massiveness to repose adds a formidable momentum to action.

The main difficulty, he soon found, was to make his letter short. This, after several failures, and the tearing up of three copies, he accomplished to a fair extent, if not wholly to his own satisfaction. When he had finished the letter, he put it into a cover, stamped and addressed it, and went out to post it with his own hand. By this time it was considerably past midnight. The letter could have been delivered by hand in Friar's Row next morning, and would probably have reached Mr. Bragg equally soon. But it was a relief to Owen in his restless, impetuous mood to have done something irrevocable. And there are few actions in life so obviously irrevocable as posting a letter. This is what he had written:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"I venture to offer myself for the post of your secretary during the journey you purpose making to Spain.

"My qualifications are:—Honesty; a fair knowledge of the Spanish language; and considerable experience of travelling in Spain, where I have made two long tours on foot. Perhaps I ought to add to these good health, and willingness to be useful. My disadvantages are: Ignorance of the forms of mercantile correspondence, and inexperience of the duties of a secretary. I believe I could learn both very quickly.

"I have hitherto been a man without occupation. I am now anxious to have one by which I can earn money. Should you, on inquiry and consideration, think I could honestly earn some as your secretary, I should be grateful if you would give me a trial.

"I am ready to wait on you at your office, or elsewhere, in case you wish for an interview, and remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours truly,
"OWEN RIVERS."

The following afternoon Owen was summoned to see Mr. Bragg at his office. The old house in Friar's Row had been painted and varnished inside and out. Plate glass glittered in the window panes, and elaborate brass handles shone on the doors. Owen had never been in the house during the days of Mrs. Dobbs's occupation. But he knew that May had spent much of her childhood there; and he looked round the private room into which he was shown with a tender glance such as probably never before rested on those mahogany office fittings, morocco-covered chairs, and neatly-ranged account-books.

Mr. Bragg was sitting at a writing-table, and held out his hand without rising, when Owen entered.

"Sit down, Mr. Rivers," he said, pointing to a chair opposite to his own, on the other side of the table. Owen sat down, and remained waiting in silence.

"Well, so you think you'd like to go to Spain with me?" said Mr. Bragg, slowly rubbing his chin, and looking thoughtfully at the young man.

"I should like to get work to do, Mr. Bragg. I don't much care where it is. But it struck me that I might be useful to you in Spain."

"Ah! Well, I was surprised at your letter."

"Nothing in it that you object to, I hope?"

"Oh, no. Oh dear, no. Only I didn't know you was in want of employment. And I should have thought—"

"Yes?"

"I should have thought you'd ha' liked some more—what you might call—professional employment."

"A man can't step into a profession from one day to another. And besides, the professions are over-stocked. There's no elbow-room in any of them—especially for a poor man."

"Ah! Yes; I hear that sort of thing said a great deal. But it seems to me that might be a reason for giving up living altogether. There's a good many of us in all classes, one way and another. But a man has got to make room for himself."

"You have a right to say so, Mr. Bragg; and I have no right to dispute it: for you have tried and succeeded, and I have not even tried."

"Ah! That seems a pity—with your education, and all. However, I didn't intend to branch out, as I said to you last night. With regard to the point in hand, I would just say at once that this situation would be strictly temporary, you understand. It couldn't be looked on in the light of what you might call an opening."

"I understand."

"At the same time it might—I don't say it would—lead to an opening," continued Mr. Bragg, indenting the paper before him by drawing his thumbnail along it with a strong, steady movement, as though he mentally saw the opening in question, and were mapping out the way to it.

"I quite understand that if you engaged me as secretary for this journey, you would not bind yourself to anything beyond. Whether anything further came of it, or not, would depend, first, on my suitability; and next, on circumstances."

"That's it," said Mr. Bragg, leaning back in his chair, and nodding slowly.

"Well, Mr. Bragg, I can only say I would do my best. As to my knowledge of Spanish, I'm not afraid. I began to learn the language first for the sake of reading Cervantes, as so many people have done before me; but since then I have acquired a colloquial knowledge of it by talking with all sorts of Spaniards when I was tramping about their country."

"I have heard," said Mr. Bragg, not displeased to show himself acquainted with the literary aspect of the matter, "of a man that learned Spanish in order to read a book called 'Don Quixote.'"

"Just as I did."

"Oh! Did you? I thought you mentioned a different name. And you can write it?"

"Fairly well; but I should have to learn the commercial style."

"There'd be more need, perhaps, for you to understand it than to write it yourself. All communications with my son in Buenos Ayres could, of course, be written in English."

Mr. Bragg here made a long, thoughtful pause. It was so long a pause that Owen at length broke it by saying with a smile, though the colour rose to his brow,

"As to my character, I can't give you one from my last place, because I never had a place; but my uncle, Canon Hadlow, will, I believe, guarantee my trustworthiness."

He felt a queer little shock when Mr. Bragg, instead of protesting himself fully satisfied on that score, answered in a matter-of-fact tone, "Ah! yes, I dare say he will. I make no doubt but what that'll be all right." Then, after a second, shorter pause, he continued, "There's one point, Mr. Rivers, that I must put quite plain. I expect everybody in my employment to obey orders. Now, you see, you, having been what you might call brought up a gentleman, might not—"

"Oh, I hope you don't think that insubordination is part of a gentleman's bringing up?"

"It hadn't ought to be; but it's best to be clear."

"Clearly, then, I can undertake to obey your orders; and I would only warn you to give them carefully, because I shall carry them out to the letter. If you ordered me to make a bonfire of your bank-notes, I should burn 'em all without mercy."

Mr. Bragg laughed his quiet, inward laugh. There was something in the conception of himself ordering bank notes to be burned which keenly touched his not very lively sense of the ludicrous.

"All right," said he. "I'll take that risk."

"Then am I to conclude—may I hope that you will engage me?" asked Owen, with nervous eagerness.

"Why, I shall ask leave to turn it over in my mind a little longer. But I'll undertake not to keep you waiting beyond to-morrow morning. You see, if I do make an offer, it's best you should have it in writing. And similarly, if you accept it, I ought to have that in writing."

"Thank you. Then I need not intrude longer on your time."

"No intrusion at all, Mr. Rivers. Good morning to you."

Owen turned round at the door, and coming back to the writing-table, said, "May I ask you to keep my application to yourself for the present?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Bragg. But he looked slightly surprised.

"Of course, I don't mean the thing to be secret so far as I am concerned."

"Why, no; we couldn't hardly keep it secret," said Mr. Bragg, gravely.

"Of course not. But if your answer should be favourable, I should like to be the first to tell—a person—the one or two persons who take any interest in me."

"But I shall have to say a word to your uncle; and that's pretty well the same thing as saying it to your aunt, I take it."

"Oh, yes; to be sure. I didn't mean you not to mention it to them."

"All right. I certainly shall not mention it to anybody else," returned Mr. Bragg.

And when the young man was gone he said to himself, "I wonder who else there is I could mention it to that would care two straws one way or the other. I like his way. He don't jaw like that young Bransby. And he didn't try to soap me."

The next day Owen Rivers was formally engaged as travelling secretary to Mr. Bragg for three months, beginning from October, which was now near at hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. DOBBS had judged rightly as to the effect of May's letter on her Aunt Pauline. That sorely-tried lady was overwhelmed at this time by various troubles. She did not write to May, but addressed a very long and somewhat rambling letter to Mrs. Dobbs. After the strongest expressions of dismay and horror at the rumour of her brother's marriage, Pauline proceeded:—

"I really cannot answer May's letter—at all events, not at present. I am deeply distressed that she should have addressed me on

the subject at all. It is such terribly bad form in a girl of her age to appear cognisant of *anything* not brought to her knowledge by the proper channels. I had heard a vague report of the connection—which was bad enough. But who could have supposed that Augustus would degrade himself to the point of *marrying* such a person! But I ought not to trouble you with my feelings on this matter, for I am very sure you cannot imagine one tithe of the various distressing results to the family which will flow from it. It is much to be regretted that May so precipitately decided not to go to Glengowrie; particularly under recent untoward circumstances. I learn from a friend in town that my cousin, Mr. Lucius Cheffington, is much better. I do not mean, of course, that this is an untoward circumstance. But it alters the position of affairs. I scarcely know what I write. You may not be aware—few persons are aware—of the delicate state of my nervous system. I suffer keenly from any mental pressure. And of late I seem to have had nothing else! My cure at this place has been sadly interfered with by anxiety for others. But really, whether poor dear Lucius recovers or not, if this story from Belgium is true, my niece's position will be a most painful one. From the tone of her letter to me I can see that she does not at all take in the situation. You can tell her one thing from me: If my brother were to succeed to the title to-morrow, he would have nothing but what the entail gives him. So if she imagines otherwise it would be well to undeceive her. You won't mind my saying that in this respect the circumstances of my brother's first marriage were peculiarly unfortunate, since they prevented any settlement being made for the children."

"Ay," said Mrs. Dobbs, interrupting her reading at this point, "not to mention that by that time Augustus had nothing left to settle!"

Then she resumed the letter:

"You and I, my dear Mrs. Dobbs, must join our forces in face of these new and trying circumstances. The more I think of it the more I regret that my niece has missed the opportunity of going to Glengowrie, especially since I have learned that Mrs. Griffin is going to chaperon another young lady in her stead. In society it is fatal to drop out of sight—you are forgotten immediately—and I cannot expect Mrs. Griffin to do more than she has done. Indeed, both she and the dear Duchess have been extraordinarily kind—I fear May scarcely appreciates *how* kind; but the truth is that she is singularly—I scarcely know what word to use—not *dull*, but indifferent on certain points. There is an apathy about her sometimes which has caused her uncle and myself a great deal of distress. But really she *must* rouse herself from it now. It is a great comfort to us to know that you, my dear Mrs. Dobbs, take a sound view of my niece's position, and have her best interests at heart.

"Believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"P. DORMER-SMITH.

P.S.—I have *this moment* received a letter from Miss Hadlow, in which she mentions, amongst other items of news, that the gentleman whom I wrote of as being interested in May has declined his invitation to Glengowrie, and is now in Oldchester! There appears to be something absolutely providential in this. I know you have great influence over May. Pray exert it to make her see what is right. I have never been able to get her to look on her social position as involving certain *duties*. But, indeed, in her case, the duty immediately before her of obtaining a splendid settlement and a fine position is an easy one. I have seen cases of real *sacrifice* to this social obligation endured without a murmur. Since they are both in Oldchester, it must surely be easy to give the gentleman every opportunity of presenting his suit. Indeed, there may be better opportunities than at Glengowrie. The longer we live the more we realise how everything is over-ruled for good.

"P. D. S."

"I re-open this to write an essential word:—The name of the gentleman I have alluded to! You may form some conception of the pressure on my brain from my having omitted to do so before. He is a Mr. Bragg—a man of very large wealth, and received everywhere. I know that my uncle has more than once received him at Combe Park. And he would, I dare say, have got some *chaperon* there, and had May down for a time; but, of course, under the bereavement we have all just suffered in the death of my cousin George, this cannot be at present. But there surely must be, among the better families in Oldchester, some whom Mr. Bragg visits? Possibly the Bishop, if he is there. Or, perhaps the Dean? I know Lady Mary, slightly. Pray lose no time, my dear Mrs. Dobbs, in ascertaining this."

Mrs. Dobbs pondered long after reading this epistle. In May's absence she often turned over in her mind the advantages of an alliance with Mr. Bragg; remembered favourable precedents; and taught herself to think that it might be. The sight of the girl's face, and the sound of her voice, were apt to scatter these fancies as sunrise scatters the mists. But they returned when May disappeared again, and haunted all the old woman's lonely hours.

One morning, after an evening spent at Garnet Lodge, when Mrs. Dobbs was alone with her grandchild, and was meditating how she should approach the subject chiefly in her thoughts, May unexpectedly began, "Granny, do you know I have something to say that will surprise you."

"Have you, May? Nothing ought to surprise one at seventy odd. But, somehow, things do surprise me still."

"Of course they do, Granny! I think it is only blockheads who are never astonished, because one thing is much the same to them as another."

"Well, I'm glad I can prove myself no blockhead at such an easy rate. What is your surprise about, May?"

"It's about — Mr. Bragg."

The colour came into May's cheeks as she looked up with a bright, shy glance from her favourite low seat beside Granny's knee. But it was nothing to the deep, sudden flush which dyed Mrs. Dobbs's face. She looked at her grandchild almost vacantly for a moment, and then grew paler than before. But May did not observe all this. She sat smiling to herself, with the colour varying in her face, as she so easily did on the very slightest emotion, her hands clasped round her knees, and her bright head bent down, as she continued: "I have had my suspicions for some time past; but I said nothing until last night. Then, when I went into Clara's room to put my hat on, I just gave her a tiny hint; and she said very likely I was right, and did not laugh at me a bit. But I dare say you will laugh at me, Granny."

"Let us hear, my lass," said Mrs. Dobbs, moistening her lips, which felt parched.

"Well—I think that Mr. Bragg has a motive in coming so often to Garnet Lodge."

"I suppose he has."

"Ah, but a very special motive—a *matrimonial* motive. There, Granny."

Mrs. Dobbs looked down with a singular expression at the shining brown hair so near to her hand which rested on the elbow of her easy chair. But she did not care it as she habitually did when within reach. She sat quite still, and merely said, "So you think it surprising that Mr. Bragg should have matrimonial intentions, do you?"

"Oh, no. It isn't *that*. Mr. Bragg is a very kind-hearted man, and would be sure to make a good husband. And, do you know, he is very far from stupid, Granny."

"I dare say. Joshua Bragg always had his head screwed on the right way."

"His manner is against him. Of course, he is uneducated; and rather slow. But, after all, that doesn't matter so very much."

"And he's rich," added Mrs. Dobbs in a dry tone.

"Ever so rich! I am sure he must have heaps and heaps of money, or else Aunt Pauline would not approve of him so highly."

"And not quite decrepit."

"Decrepit! What a word to use, Granny! No; I should think not, indeed!"

"H'm! Neither a brute, nor in his dotage; and immensely rich —I don't know what a woman can wish for more!" said Mrs. Dobbs, with increasing bitterness.

"Why, Granny!" exclaimed May, looking up. "I thought you rather liked Mr. Bragg! I have always heard you speak well of him."

The hand on the chair-arm clenched and unclenched itself nervously, as Mrs. Dobbs answered in short, jerky sentences, and as though she were forcing herself with an effort to utter them,

"Oh, so I do. Joshua Bragg is an honest kind of man. I've nothing against him. Don't think that, my lass."

"Well, Granny, but now for the surprise. I wonder you have not guessed it by this time. Who do you think is the lady?"

"I can't guess. Tell it out, May, and have done with it."

"To be sure there is not much choice. If it were not one, it *must* be the other! But I have made up my mind that Mr. Bragg and Miss Patty will make a match of it! What do you say to *that*, Granny?"

Mrs. Dobbs said nothing; but gasped, and laid her head back on the cushion of her chair.

"I thought you would be surprised! But when one comes to think of it, it seems very suitable, doesn't it? Mr. Bragg admires Miss Patty's cookery above everything. And she is such a kind, charitable soul, she would do worlds of good with riches. And they agree on so many points—even their crotchets. And, do you know, Miss Patty would look ten years younger if she would leave off that yellow wig. She has such nice soft grey hair that she brushes back! I have settled that she is to leave off the wig when she marries Mr. Bragg, and take to picturesque mob caps. I have been arranging all sorts of things in my own mind. I'm quite coming out in the character of a matchmaker, Granny!"

In the midst of her chatter the girl looked up, and uttered an exclamation of dismay. Her grandmother's head still lay back against the cushion of the chair; her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be laughing to herself. But the tears were pouring down her cheeks. At May's exclamation she opened her arms wide, and then pressed the girl's bright brown head against her breast, saying brokenly,

"Don't be feared, child! I'm all right. I couldn't help laughing a bit. It's so—so funny to think of old Joshua and—and Miss Patty!"

"But you are crying, too, Granny! Is anything the matter? Do tell me."

"Nothing, child; I'm all right. Poor Joshua! He was a good lad when he worked for your grandfather. And—and—I remember *her* a little Miss in a white frock and blue sash; it brings up old times, that's all, May. Lord, what fools we are when we try to be cunning!" and Mrs. Dobbs went off again into a fit of laughter, interspersed with sobs.

"I didn't try to be cunning!" said May indignantly.

"*You*, my lamb! Whoever thought you did?" returned her grandmother, wiping her eyes and kissing May's forehead.

By and by she resumed her usual solid self-possession. She told May that she did not agree in her view of the state of the case, and advised her not to hint her matchmaking project to any one. "You have said a word to Miss Bertram, and that can't be taken back; but she is wise beyond her years, and will not chatter."

"But there's nothing wrong in the idea, Granny," protested May, who was considerably puzzled by her grandmother's unusual demeanour.

"No, no, nothing wrong; only Mr. Bragg might not like it—he might be looking after a younger wife, who knows? Any way, we will keep our ideas to ourselves."

As she spoke, the latch of the garden-gate clicked, and, following May's glance, Mrs. Dobbs saw from the open window Owen Rivers advancing up the path towards the house.

The "gentleman of princely fortune," whose image had interposed between her shrewd apprehension and the facts before her, having melted away like a phantom, she suddenly perceived that here was a new influence to be reckoned with—a new force which, whether for good or ill, might help to shape her grandchild's future.

"May I come in?" asked Owen.

"Come in, Mr. Rivers."

Mrs. Dobbs felt as though she had invited embodied Destiny to cross her threshold—Destiny, in the prosaic guise of a blue-eyed, square-built young man, in a shooting-jacket and a wide-awake hat. But that Power does not often appear to mortals with much outward pomp and circumstance. We are like children who think a king must decree which changes our lives is mostly signed by some plain figure in everyday clothes, whom we should not turn our heads to look upon.

Owen entered the little parlour, and came and stood opposite to Mrs. Dobbs's chair, without any of the customary salutations.

"Well," said he, eagerly; "I have some news for you."

"Lord ha' mercy! This is a day of news," muttered Mrs. Dobbs under her breath. Then she said aloud, "I hope it's good news?"

"I have found some work to do. Is that good?"

Mrs. Dobbs clapped her hands softly. "Very good," she said. Half-an-hour ago her approbation would have been more heartily expressed. But she was looking at him now with different eyes, and considering his prospects with a new and serious interest.

"You haven't asked me what the work is," said Owen; just a little disappointed by her quietude.

"I suppose it is *not* stone-breaking? But if it is, I stick to my colours. Better than that nothing."

"You will say, Mrs. Dobbs, that I am luckier than I deserve to be. I am engaged as secretary to a man who is about to travel in Spain. I happen to know Spanish. Luck again; for I learnt it merely to amuse myself."

"Yes; I do think that isn't bad for a beginning, and I hope it will lead to something more. Who is the gentleman, if I may ask?"

Before Owen could answer, May, who had perched herself on the elbow of Jo Weatherhead's vacant chair, said, "I think I can guess. It's Mr. Bragg."

"Mr. Bragg!" echoed her grandmother, as if doubtful of having heard aright.

"I remember hearing him talk of a journey into Spain, and of wanting to find a gentleman to go with him. Am I not right?"

"Quite right," answered Owen.

"Mr. Bragg! Well, that *is* strange!" whispered Mrs. Dobbs to herself.

Owen had taken a chair, and sat bending forward, with his elbows on his knees, pleading and puckering in his fingers the brim of his soft felt hat. He had not hitherto so much as looked towards May;

now he straightened himself in his chair, and, fixing his eyes on her earnestly, asked, "And what do *you* say to my news, Miss Cheffington?"

"I say, as Granny says, that I am very glad," she answered smiling, but speaking in a subdued tone.

"It's more to the purpose to ask what Canon and Mrs. Hadlow say to it," put in Mrs. Dobbs; "I hope they are pleased?"

"I dare say—I have no doubt—I—I have not seen Aunt Jane yet. The fact is, I am on my way to College Quad; but I thought I would look in here as I passed, and tell you that I have followed your advice, Mrs. Dobbs."

The direct road from Owen's lodgings to College Quad was a short, and nearly straight, line. To visit Jessamine Cottage "on the way" from one to the other was analogous to going round by Edinburgh on a journey from London to Leeds.

"I wanted a little patting on the back and cheering up, you see," continued Owen.

"Cheering up!" cried May. "Oh! but I remember that Mrs. Hadlow said you always liked to be pitied for having your own way. You must require a great deal of consolation, truly, for the prospect of travelling in that delightful country!"

Owen nodded, and carefully fitted one pleat of his hat-brim into another, as he answered, "I dare say my appetite for consolation is bigger than you imagine."

"I think it is Mr. Bragg who needs cheering up. Poor man, he little knows what a peremptory, protestant, and positive secretary he will have!" retorted May, with a half shy, half saucy, wholly mischievous, glance.

"Not at all! Now, that is just the kind of mistake which Aunt Jane so often makes. But if I serve, I mean to serve honestly, and to be thoroughly obedient; I have told Mr. Bragg so." And Owen proceeded to justify himself, and to develop his views as to the duties of a secretary, with superfluous energy and earnestness.

The old woman sat watching them, and, as she looked, she was amazed at her own previous blindness. How could she—how could any one—have seen them together without perceiving that they were falling over head and ears in love with each other? These two young creatures seemed, in her old eyes, like a couple of children playing in a pleasure-boat. But she knew that the river was running towards the sea—widening and deepening with an irrevocable current. There was room for anxiety about the future, no doubt. Yet a sense of relief in her mind—as if she had escaped out of some oppressive atmosphere—revealed more and more distinctly how repugnant the idea of May's marrying Mr. Bragg had really been to her.

"Sarah Dobbs," said she to herself, severely, "you're a worldly, false old woman! You're a nice one to find fault with that poor creature, Pauline! What were *you* doing, pray, but sacrificing your conscience to the mammon of unrighteousness? The Lord be praised, the dear child is better, and purer, and honest than either of us old haridans!"

Then she broke into the conversation between May and Owen, which by this time had sunk into a low murmur, and asked abruptly whether the engagement with Mr. Bragg was to lead to any further employment.

Owen repeated what Mr. Bragg had said to him, as nearly as he could remember it; and Mrs. Dobbs thought it hopeful.

"Joshua Bragg is an honest man—a man to be relied on: one of the few who generally means what he says, all that he says, and nothing but what he says," said she, nodding thoughtfully.

May was glad to find Granny doing justice to Mr. Bragg, and remarked herself that, if it were possible to conceive Granny's ever being capricious, she would have called her capricious in her varying tone about that worthy man.

"I shouldn't wonder," pursued Mrs. Dobbs, "if he put you in the way of getting permanent employment—supposing you please him. He might get you a place out in South America with his son. Young Joshua is in a great way of business there, I'm told. Would you go if you had the chance?" she asked suddenly, looking at Owen with a searching gaze.

"Undoubtedly," he replied at once.

"And you wouldn't mind being—being banished, like, from England?"

"Mind? Oh, well, of course I should prefer a thousand a year and a villa on the Thames. But a fellow who has been an idler up to four-and-twenty must take any chance of earning something, and be thankful for it."

"*That's* right," Mrs. Dobbs drew a long breath of relief.

"It would only be for a year or two; I should come back," added Owen, wistfully.

Then he shook hands and went away, and Mrs. Dobbs and her granddaughter were left to discuss the news he had told them. May chatted away cheerfully, even gaily. When Mr. Weatherhead arrived the subject was talked over again. Jo's pleasure in the prospect opening before Mr. Rivers was somewhat tempered by his sense of the incongruity involved in "a gentleman like that, brimful of learning, and belonging to the old landed gentry," being under the orders of Joshua Bragg!

"There's no contradiction at all, Jo, if you look at it fairly," said Mrs. Dobbs. "Mr. Bragg will command where he has a right to—that is, in matters that he knows better than Mr. Rivers, for all his book-learning. It isn't as if Joshua wanted to teach the young man how to be a gentleman. I don't say it's not a good thing to be a gentleman, but it ain't exactly a paying business nowadays, if ever it was, which I doubt."

"Ah, more's the pity!" said Jo, shaking his head.

"Why, if I was a gentleman—or a lady—I shouldn't agree with you there, Jo. If gentlemanhood don't mean something above and beyond what can be paid for, 'tis a poor business. It seems to me just as pitiful for gentry to expect money's worth for their old family, high breeding, and fine manners, as it is for the grand workers of the world to grumble because they can't have power over the past, as well as the present and the future. Mr. Bragg ain't one of that sort. You'll never catch *him* inventing a family crest, or painting wild beasts on his carriage."

Jo took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked with solemn approbation at his old friend. "Sarah," said he, "you're right; and I believe you're a better Conservative than me, when all's said and done."

May had been silent during this discussion. She held some needlework in her hands; but they were lying idly on her lap, and she was gazing out of the window as intently as though the small suburban garden offered a prospect of inexhaustible interest. The cessation of the voices roused her. She looked round, and said softly, "It's a good climate, isn't it, granny? Where Mr. Bragg's son lives, I mean."

(To be continued)

Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co. of Aberdeen have sent us several of their large Permanent Photographs of English and Scottish Scenery, suitable either for framing or for portfolios. The publishers claim that they are as permanent as any engraving, and amongst those especially worthy of commendation, we may mention views of Warwick Castle, of Melrose Abbey, and of Balmoral Castle. The photographs are well taken, and form picturesque mementoes of some of the chief features of the scenery and ancient historical monuments of England and Scotland. But surely it was a mistake to include so much of the ceremony in the view of Stirling Castle.



A Member who knows what she thinks and why she thinks it



Two ladies who don't know what they think, but think the same as one another



Preparing a Crushing Rejoinder



The Irish Member



Doesn't mind the Debating Club, but prefers Waltzing



A Believer in Facts



A Believer in Figures



One who Listens more than she Talks (O si sic Omnes!)



The Leader of the House



A Silent Member



The Masculine



The Feminine



The Neuter

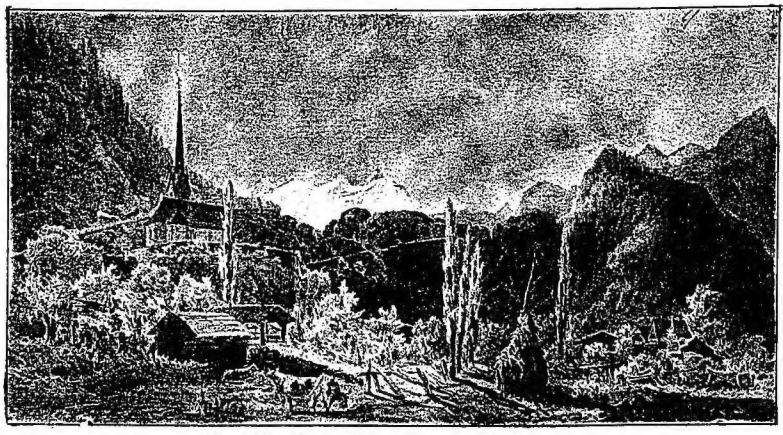


The Caricaturist, or Flippant Debater

Trying to Catch the Speaker's Eye



View from the Railway looking towards the Lake of Brienz



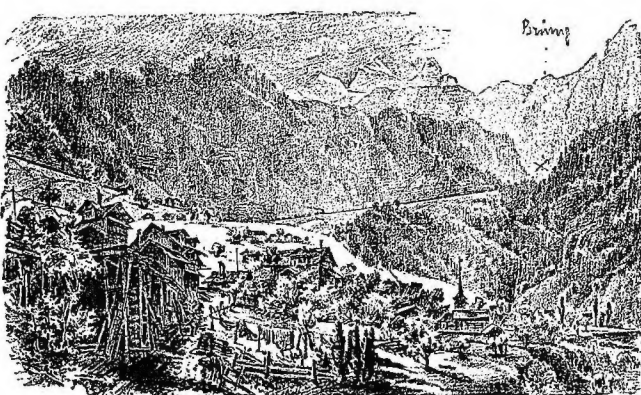
Gysmil, with the Wetterhorn in the distance



Meiringen



Sachselt



Lungern



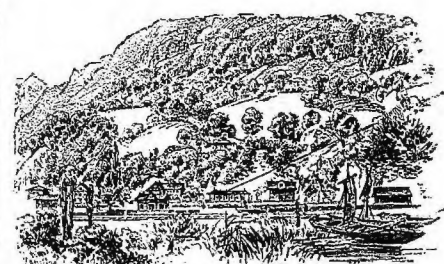
Viaduct across the Hausenbach



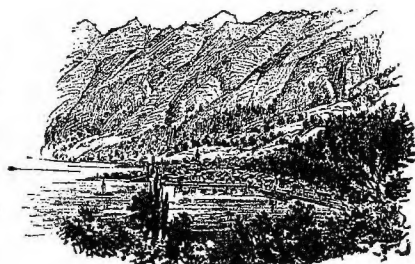
Sarnen



Viaduct across the Kehlback



Alpnach



Brienz—The Terminus



Entrance to the Tunnel



To "Turkey," the thirteenth volume of the "Story of the Nations" series (Fisher Unwin), Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, who has already written for the same series "The Moors in Spain," has almost a hereditary title. He is, moreover, in sympathy with all sides of his subject. "Bravery," he reminds us, "is the heritage of the Turk," but this acknowledgment does not prevent him from doing full justice to the Turk's opponents. He is quite eloquent over St. John Capistran's heroic attack on the son of Murád (Amurath) II., which enabled Hunyadi to turn defeat into victory. He gives full weight, too, to the work of Scanderbeg in limiting the Turkish dominion to the West. Fully recognising the fact that the Turk "mounts guard over the Bosphorus, and sits in the seat of the Caesars only so long as Europe requires him there," he smiles at "the ægis of England's mysterious protectorate over Asiatic Turkey," which enabled Lord Beaconsfield to talk of "peace with honour," and points out that "in supporting the Christian provinces against their sovereign the Powers at Berlin sounded the knell of Turkish domination in Europe." There is plenty of good stuff in the Turkish people; Plevna shows that they can still fight like lions; but "the regeneration of the Empire is a dream till the hero comes who can lead the nation back into the paths of valour and righteousness."

Mr. Fowkes of Chelmsford has made "Architects' Joinery and its Ornament" (Batsford) his speciality. His designs of mantels and overmantels, and enriched architraves, &c., photographed from mouldings, give a large choice. The enrichments, he says, are glued on to the mouldings with a specially tough composition, which will take a clean saw-cut.

"The Handbook of British Honduras for 1888-9" (Blackwood), contains a historical sketch, a description of the physical geography, geology, &c., and of the political constitution, besides a complete list of officials and tables of statistics.

Why should meditations for every day be exclusively taken from "The Morning Psalms" (Whitaker)? Many good Psalms, such as the 65th and the 104th, are thus lost. As it stands, however, this elegantly got up booklet is quite worthy of the author's "Daily Round," of which every one who knows it appreciates the earnestness and (as Canon Liddon expresses it) "the moral backbone."

"Unser Fritz" (Kittel, Kottbus), by Hermann Müller-Bohn, is the picture of a life (Lebensbild) of which Germans are not likely soon to forget the incidents. The very name shows how the late Emperor was looked on by each of his subjects as a personal possession, and the publisher's reckoning that such a work in ten parts at 50 pennings each is sure to pay, is a measure of Frederick William's popularity. We recommend the book for elder German classes; they will learn contemporary history and German at the same time.

Mr. Edgar Foster, Graduate in Oratory at the University of Kansas, has republished, as "The Battle of Life Series" (Simpkin and Marshall), the lectures which he delivered at St. James's Hall. There is a flavour of Gough rather than of Emerson in these orations, for Mr. Foster is quite free from Emerson's paradox and Emerson's mannerism. He is an Englishman, and believes that "at the very base of society there is inequality, and we cannot change it," protesting, at the same time, against any inequality that is due to artificial causes. He is a townsman, or he would not talk of "wretched Hodge, dragging out his existence in ignorance, superstition, and the direst poverty." But he has read his Ruskin, and defines liberty as St. James and Mr. Ruskin do; and "his blood runs cold" when he thinks of a French Revolution as possible here. For "the sorrows of Erin" he has the Home Rule panacea.

Mr. S. Russell's "Fragments from Many Tables" (Blackwood) is intended to help talkers. Dinner-talk, he thinks, is so inane; and he had of yore the opportunity of hearing good things of the kind which, introduced *à propos*, are sure to provoke answer and retort. Whether useful for this purpose or not, his book is a pleasant collection of wise and witty sayings, new and old.

On "A Cosmopolitan's Random Recollections of Courts and Society" (Ward and Downey) the ladies' verdict is sure to be: "very interesting," because of its subject, and because it tells a great deal about Madame Montijo and her daughter, who had, like every other handsome Spanish society girl, her circle of *pallos* ("chickens, i.e., beaux"), and, not content with them, was so fond of a renowned *torero* that she publicly gave him an embroidered cap. One of the best stories is that of the Baron de Bourgoing, head of the French Legation at Madrid. So absent was he that, having made up his mind to marry a charming maiden who "reciprocated his sentiments," he called (as he thought) at her father's, got his consent, and (when the young lady was introduced) found he had gone to the wrong house. "Of course I could not retract. She did not live long. Pray take more wine."

One who sought truth regardless of expense, lately offered twenty guineas each for two Essays, one from the Orthodox, the other from the Sceptical, standpoint, on the thesis, "Assuming Christianity disproved, what would be the social and moral effects of the discontinuance of its teaching, and the abolition of its institutions?" The judges were Dr. Clair Grece of Redhill and the Rev. Septimus Hansard, and the Orthodox prize was awarded to the Rev. J. B. Nichols, the other to Mr. C. W. Dymond. Mr. Nichols weakens his case with weak fun. It is improbable that "the collapse of Christianity" would be followed by a representation of *Hamlet* in St. Paul's, the Dean of Christ Church playing the leading character; while lectures "on the psychological basis of the Christian delusion" may be heard any Sunday in London, though we have not even arrived at Disestablishment. The Cass case proves, he thinks, that sentiment is stronger than law. Mr. Dymond quotes Jacob Böhme, and holds that we shall value the Bible more as we grow independent of it. He is sure that "the teaching of the Churches has had very little to do with our changed way of looking at the designs of Providence." Creeds are of less and less account, and this not to the detriment of morality, but the reverse; nor need we be alarmed should public worship become obsolete; the Quakers for 240 years have almost done without it.

A wonderful shilling's-worth is Mr. E. Newman's "Bird-nesting and Bird-skinning" (Fisher Unwin). No wonder a second edition is called for. This has been "re-written" by Mr. Miller Christy of Chelmsford. The list of birds is alphabetical—their natural Order might have been added with advantage. The tail-pieces are after Bewick, but to whom are due the dear little vignettes of long and short-tailed tits, &c.?

Dr. Reizmann's "Friedrich Lux" (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel) forms one part of a musical biography series, of which Wagner fills six, Mozart four, and so on. This lesser light was born, in 1820, at Ruhla, in Thuringia. At first self-taught, he was afterwards Schneider's favourite pupil, and through him, having been organist at Zerbst, he became musical director of the Court Theatre at Dessau. His most ambitious work was the opera of *Coriolanus*, another was *Käthchen* (Katie) *von Heilbronn, the Armourer's Daughter*. He was also a collector of folk-songs, and at least one of his own songs, "The Drinker's Wish," is still very popular.

Mr. C. Lunn's "Philosophy of Voice" (London, Paris, Madrid: Baillière) won from the first such golden opinions that no wonder it

has reached its sixth edition. Mr. Lunn adopts Garcia's rule—the old Italian method, slightly drawing in the abdominal wall, in opposition to Mandl, who advises leaving it flaccid, and letting it project in inspiration. Sir M. Mackenzie was at first led astray by Mandl; but Gottfried Weber brought him back to the truth by pointing out that, though one can't explain why, the old Italian is undoubtedly the best plan.

M. E. Boulanger says, in the dedication of his "Voyage à Merv" (Hachette), "A Frenchman who has seen the Russians, shaken hands with them, and looked into their eyes, is their friend;" and his reception everywhere justifies his good opinion. He was especially pleased with General Alikhanoff, the Lesghian khan (real name Ali), who was the true pacificator of the Merv Tekkes. This indefatigable commander seems to spend most of his time in the train, travelling with a sleeping-car, a dining and cooking ditto, a study, and a travelling-platform, from which to survey the line without getting down. M. Boulanger could not help contrasting Alikhanoff's *mot*, "point de femmes," with the crowds of sickly women whom he found following the French troops in Cochinchina. His book contains eighty-four engravings and fourteen maps, and is full of information. Besides Merv, he has a good deal to say about Baku and Tiflis.

At least equally interesting, though it has only fifty-seven engravings and two maps, is Dr. H. Labonne's "L'Islande et l'Archipel des Faeroer" (Hachette). This and "Merv" belong to a series ("Voyages Illustrés") at four francs the volume, to which we have nothing corresponding in English. Some of Dr. Labonne's illustrations are excellent; "Un Enterrement"—a troop of wild pony-riders driving before them a pony with a coffin slung on its back. Very suggestive, in quite another way, is "Snorro's Bath;" while "The Leper" explains at a glance what is the pest of Scandinavia, as it also is of the Sandwich Isles. Dr. Labonne is not only descriptive, he is historical and archæological, not fearing to discuss the Rune alphabet.

Part I. of Mrs. C. Hetley's "Native Flowers of New Zealand" (Sampson Low) brings clearly out the well-known truth that, ferns apart, the New Zealand flora is scanty. The very poor Epacris, like a shabby specimen of ling, is only found by Manukau Harbour, and is probably an immigrant from Australia. The Daphne-like Pimelea is a shrub; and in shrubs and trees (the iron-bark, or mountain-rata, for instance, with its profuse scarlet blossoms, the Nikau palm and the kohe-kohe with blossoms like lilies of the valley), the native flora is richer than in flowers. Two of the prettiest of the latter, the *Olearia sedentaria* and the *Geranium traverisii*, are limited to the Chatham Islands. The "Mountain Lily" (*Ranunculus lyallii*), Mrs. Hetley calls "the finest known species of buttercup." It is something like a "Globe flower," only white, but is decidedly less graceful than our "grass of Parnassus." A big white clematis (is it scented or not?), the *indivisa* looks very home-like, but its name, *puawhangananga*, shows it was there before we came. The strange aster-like *Celmisia Monroii* (Canterbury Mountains), is the most characteristic of Mrs. Hetley's specimens, all of which are so beautifully coloured as to make us long for the rest of her work.



"IN SPITE OF HIMSELF: A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING," by Amelia E. Barr (1 vol.: James Clarke and Co.), is a novel of much more than ordinary charm. It merits exceptional praise, not only for its plot, slight though it is, but also for its firmly-sketched and well-coloured characters, for its simple and really English style, and for its bright, sharp sayings, which lose nothing by their Yorkshire flavour. One gets to know the various persons so as almost to see them, and hear their voices. The story is the history of a marriage, but by no means of the usual and worn-out order. On the contrary, the husband and wife have no other enemies to domestic peace but pride and lack of forbearance; and, when these are overcome by a course of healthy discipline, their real love comes to the front, and all ends triumphantly. Of course so simple a plot requires a good deal in the way of skilful treatment; and this, as we have said, it amply receives. Many of the scenes are admirable; and, in the matter of portraiture, special attention is due to Amos Braithwaite, the wool-spinner, the hero's father, who also has a good deal of hardness to be overcome, Aunt Martha, and Joshua Perkins, an old lawyer. A great deal of sympathetic observation must have gone to the making of the novel, and an unusual measure of artistic instinct besides.

"Dearly Bought: A Romance, Founded on Fact," by G. Fitzroy Cole (3 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), is based upon facts which admit of a good deal of romance—that is to say, the struggle against Russia of Circassia under Schamyl. Indeed the action of the story is interrupted at a critical point by two long and solid chapters, giving a set biography of the hero (though he never once appears upon the stage) compiled from various sources, including the "Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography," the "Biographie Générale," and other sources, all scrupulously acknowledged. But when romance has its turn, Mr. Cole gives himself very free play indeed. His heroine is a Princess, a would-be Circassian Joan of Arc, whose notion of serving her country is to marry the heir of an English Duke with plenty of money, and then carry him off to stand an utterly meaningless siege in her feudal castle. But to give a notion of all the complications of the plot would be impossible. Nearly all the characters are more or less lunatic—mostly more; and their motives are so incomprehensible on the surface, that Mr. Cole has to devote whole pages to making them more comprehensible still. Some of the persons, after being elaborately described, with much flourish of their future importance, become clean forgotten by the author himself, as in the case of the gentleman with the promising name of Antonius Ben Kohen, and his father. Then the story is interrupted at every turn by long essays on things in general, based upon some chance suggestion, of a tameness in odd contrast to the *déroulement*, which reads like Bedlam let loose indeed. We incline to the belief that the author has kept his facts and his romance carefully separate. One minor question we must ask him. Where in the world did he find such a passage as—

The glories of our Church and State
Are shadows, not substantial things?

Surely, among all misquotations ever perpetrated, this richly deserves the prize.

"Moonlight by the Shannon Shore: A Tale of Modern Irish Life," by Major Norris Paul, R.A. (1 vol.: Jarrold and Sons), is, as its title sufficiently denotes, an Irish novel of the current type—that is to say, serious and political. The author is an uncompromising anti-Nationalist and opponent of the League, his purpose being to show how boycotting, and similar incidents, may be made the instruments of private enmity and oppression. He also introduces long passages of Irish legend and romance, ancient, at any rate, in form, and has a fine appreciation of the national scenery, if less than it is usual to affect, of the national character. The machinery of the story is, to say the least, romantic, and rather graceful—the proceedings of a benevolent landlord, who counteracts the persecutions of his tenants by ingeniously calling in the offices of the "good people," or fairies—that is to say, in so contriving matters that all concerned shall think so, though, of course, his real method is of a much more matter-of-fact kind. We fear, however, that, in

any case, the suggestion is not very practical, and we wish that the author had not gone far to spoil the effect of a good and interesting plot—which would have made an excellent one for a short story—by a good deal of clumsy construction and execution, and by expanding it beyond what its slowness can fairly bear.

"A Recoiling Vengeance" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey) is on a much smaller scale than is usually the case with Frank Barrett's other novels; but it is equally fresh and unconventional. It is quaintly written as well as quaintly illustrated, and the few characters which have any pretensions to be called such are drawn with a firm and practised hand. The story is supposed to be told by an old lawyer, who is the *deus ex machina*, and narrates how a conspiracy to defraud and fix a suspicion of guilt upon perfectly innocent people was frustrated. The doctor, who, by the way, is too good to live, and by his own exaggerated virtues, and belief in those of other people, brings most of the trouble on himself and everybody else, obtains nevertheless the affection of the reader, while the heroine, "Nurse Gertrude," is charming altogether. The two villains of the piece, mother and son, are rather amusing types; and the novel is certain to afford an hour or two's amusement.

A very different sort of work from all these is "His Last Passion: A Sensational and Realistic Story of English Modern Life," by "Martius" (1 vol.: "The Hansom Cab" Publishing Company). To read it is like walking through an open sewer. The wretched piece of trash has a long preface in which the author defends himself, in the usual canting way, for his choice of types of character on the plea of their being so common, and for his not dealing in poetical justice on the ground that it is not common. He proposes to write for "men and women of the world;" of whose taste and intellect he must have rather a mean opinion. We should hardly have thought that men and women of the world would care for bald descriptions of music halls and so forth; though we can quite understand that very young people who would like to be considered such might do so.



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Both words and music of "Cradle Song," the former by Caris Brooke, the latter by Learmont Drysdale, are smoothly written and unpretentious.—The same may be said of "Liebeslied," a sketch for the pianoforte by the above-named composer.—A song which will deservedly make its mark and take a good place in the home circle is "Slumber Song," written and composed by Henry Knight and B. L. Mosely.—G. St. George has been very industrious, and with good results, as shown by three well-written *morceaux* for violoncello or violin, *avec accompagnement de piano*, entitled respectively "Romance Styrienne," "Chansonette," and "Barcarolle;" he has also composed a "Serenade Provençale," and arranged it as a duet for violin and piano, as a string quartette, and for a string orchestra. We like it best in the last-named form.—Two good examples of the popular form of musical compositions are "Première Bourrée Caractéristique," by Herbert F. Sharpe, arranged as a pianoforte solo, and with violin or violoncello accompaniment, and a "Berceuse" for pianoforte and violin, by J. Jacques Haakman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—An easy and neatly-written four-part anthem is, "O Lord, Rebuke Me Not," words from Psalm vi., music by Gaynor Simpson. Tuneful, but of a somewhat weak type, is "The Morven Waltz," by Walter de Watteville (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—W. Fraser has set to music "Then Shall the Righteous Shine" (Matthew, xiii.) as an anthem for harvest-tide, in a very creditable manner; there are solos for bass and tenor. It is not an easy task to compose an original gavotte, "The Niphetos Gavotte," by Alfred H. Brewer, is a commonplace specimen of its school (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A pretty piece for the pianoforte is "Whisperings by the Seashore," by Wilhelm Peters.—There is vitality and spirit in "The Postilion Galop," by C. M. Fourdren (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).—Anglers will find greatly to their taste two fishing songs by Eugène Barnett. They are entitled "I'm Off in the Grey of the Morning" and "Oh, You Beauty! Won't You Come Out?" The words for both songs are by Henry Drinkwater. The frontispieces, drawn by A. Rowland Knight, are very spirited, and will awaken yearnings in the hearts of all amateur fishermen (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day).—For lovers of field sports we have "Cricket Song," a merry ditty by L. E. Ridsdale, which should be sung and chorussed by all musical cricketers (Alfred Hays).—"The F.O.S. Waltz," by Fred. W. Lockyear, is more noteworthy for its eccentric frontispiece than for its musical merit (Messrs. Hart and Co.).—"Vocal Miniatures," a collection of favourite songs, edited by Sidney Churchill, is an excellent publication, well got up in a cheap form. No. 1., which we have before us, is M. W. Balfé's popular "Then You'll Remember Me" (Edward Phillips).—"Impromptu Valse in A," by W. Dawson, for the pianoforte, proves that this clever composer's powers are not adapted for this light school of composition (W. Dawson).—Two sets of waltzes which do not rise above mediocrity are "Belle Queenie Valse," by George Elers (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.), and "The St. Cecilia Valse," by F. A. Hallsworth (E. Donajowski).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"HESPERIA: WESTERN SONGS," by H. Hailstone, M.A. (Cambridge: W. Tomlin), is a pleasant little volume of verse, with all the characteristics to which the author's former work has accustomed us. "Glastonbury," "Pety Whin," and "Culbone," are all graceful and pretty, but, to the last stanza but one of the first-named, we want an explanatory note. "The Doone Avengement" also is a good ballad. At page 25, "uneath"—which, when properly spelt, means "hardly"—should have been "beneath."

In the "Canterbury Poets Series" (Walter Scott), we have "Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey," edited with biographical and critical introduction by Sidney R. Thompson. The preface is fairly well done; Mr. Thompson thinks Southey's prose works his best, and does not include in his selection "Khwila's Scene with the Leopard" or "The Old Woman of Berkeley;" otherwise, it is well done.

"Guiding Lights," by Margaret Haycraft, monotypes by W. H. S. Thompson, is an elegant little volume of religious verse prettily illustrated, but there is nothing very special to say about it.

"The Window in the Rock," a Cornish tale in verse, by Edward Foskett (Simpkin, Marshall), is a simple little story trending on the supernatural, supposed to be told on the sea coast by an old man of ninety to his grandson. Finally the narrator takes his place at the natural window, and is found there dead. The piece is rather nicely written, but too slight for permanent remembrance.

A delightful children's book, "Our Home, Our Pets, and Our Friends" (Routledge). It is beautifully got up; the verses are by Mrs. Sale Barker, which is sufficient guarantee; and the illustrations are by A. W. Cooper, Paul Hardy, and F. A. Fraser. It is difficult to say which are best. It strikes us though that Mona has too much white in her for a thorough-bred St. Bernard.

We have also to acknowledge receipt from Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. of two volumes of Charles Knight's "Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare," containing the Histories.

THOUGHTS, LIKE SNOWFLAKES ON SOME FAR-OFF MOUNTAIN SIDE, GO ON ACCUMULATING TILL SOME GREAT TRUTH IS LOOSENED, AND FALLS LIKE AN AVALANCHE ON THE WAITING WORLD.

WHAT HEALTH RESORT, WHAT WATERING-PLACE, WHAT CLIMATE IN THE WORLD COULD SHOW RESULTS OF Preventable Death like these of the power of Sanitation? IGNORANCE OF SANITARY SCIENCE, Direct and Indirect, Costs threefold the amount of Poor Rate for the Country generally. "He had given as models of sanitation of adult life, well-constructed and well-kept prisons, where of those who came in without well-developed disease, and not good lives either, the death rate did not exceed THREE in 1,000. In Stafford County Jail the death-rate had during the last ten years been actually less than one in every thousand—not a tenth of the death rate of adult outsiders."—Inaugural Address by E. CHADWICK, C.B., on the Sanitary Condition of England.

THE KING OF PHYSICIANS.—PURE AIR. JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all Sanitary laws. When BLACK DEATH massacred Hundreds of thousands neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter."—TIMES.

After breathing impure air for two minutes and a half, every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisonous blood; not a point but must have suffered injury. **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** is the best known remedy; it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

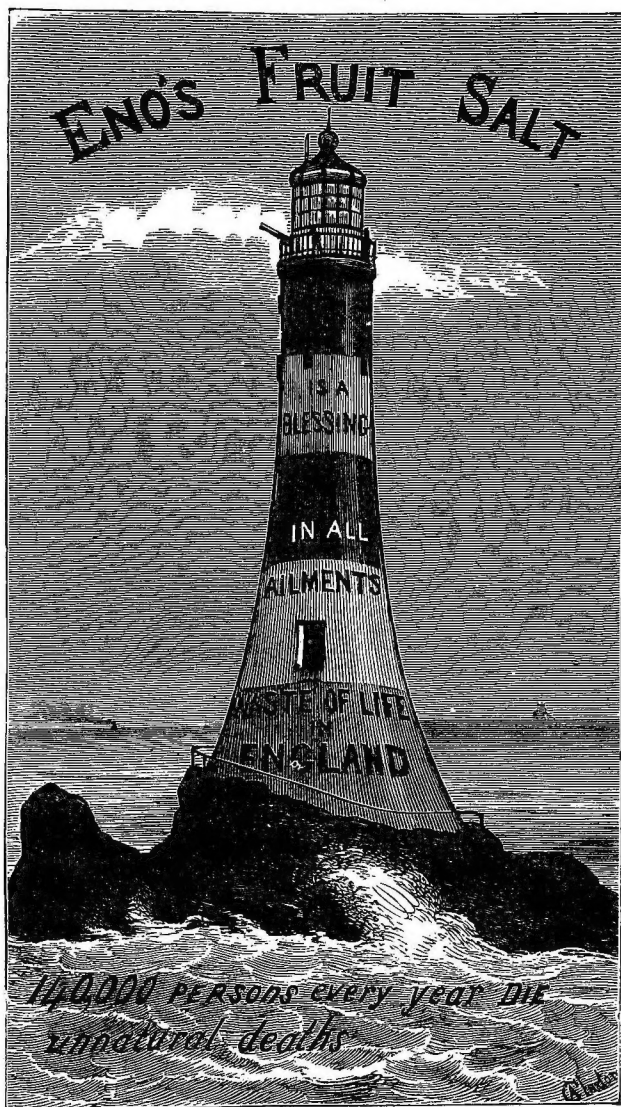
Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in Hot or Foreign Climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of Nature use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion,

USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT

It is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS OR SICK HEADACHE, Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing boils, carbuncles, fevers, feverish skin, erysipelas, and all epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea (also removes diarrhoea in the first stage by natural means). It is a PLEASANT BEVERAGE, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medical value, the "FRUIT SALT" must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda-water, potass-water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term, to an unlimited extent. The "FRUIT SALT" acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

INQUESTS.—A STARTLING ARRAY OF PREVENTABLE DEATHS.—Why should FEVER, that VILE SLAYER OF MILLIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE, not be as MUCH AND MORE hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The MURDERER, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be PREVENTABLE DISEASES. How is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer ALMOST without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. WHO'S TO BLAME? For the means of preventing PREMATURE DEATH from disease, use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** It keeps the BLOOD PURE, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and INVIGORATING BEVERAGE. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, or a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING OR PRESERVING HEALTH.

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HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

From the Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

November 1, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your "Fruit Salt," I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant Bilious Headache affect him, that he was obliged to live upon a very few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, whilst it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, the consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple "Fruit Salt," however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted, he has NEVER had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints, that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and PRO BONO PUBLICO. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. W. NEIL.

To J. C. ENO, Esq.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** Without it you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations.

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A Gentleman writes: "Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve months' experience of the value of the VEGETABLE MOTO. I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is gentle and yet so effective, that in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'—Yours gratefully, 'ONE WHO KNOWS.' THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO' in July, 1888, writes as follows:—"I cannot help telling you that the 'Moto' is a valuable addition to your 'Fruit Salt,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

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TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE RESIDING IN OR VISITING HOT CLIMATES, I consider the "FRUIT SALT" to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent and of too rich food as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in a warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the "FRUIT SALT" takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—HOW IMPORTANT it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"** to check disease at the onset? For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your puny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, or ship captains, or Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** be your companion; for under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why—frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c.; then your whole body is out of order—the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is, "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas, had a supply of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** been at hand, and made use of at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? "I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

STIMULANTS and INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE frequently derange the liver. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** "All our customers for **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it.—WOOD BROTHERS, Chemists, Jersey."

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"We have for the last four years used your 'Fruit Salt' during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of 'Fruit Salt' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the 'Fruit Salt' two and three times a day. The 'Fruit Salt' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others."

Yours truly,

Commander A. J. LOFTUS, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer,
E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs,
Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.

J. C. ENO, Esq., London.

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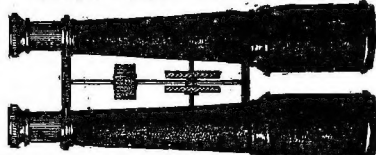
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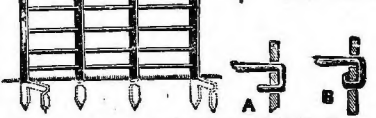
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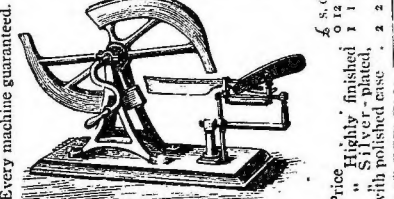
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